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THE

CAMBRIAN HERO,

OR

LLEWELYN THE GREAT:

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

Privately printed

—
WETTONS, PRINTERS, EGHAM.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN:

LLEWELYN, Prince of North Wales.

DAVID and **RODERIC**, his brothers, resident in the English Court.

HARLECH,

GRONOW,

IVOR, in love with Nesta,

CADWALLON, in love with Bernicé,

RHYS AP MAELQUIN, a chieftain of South Wales.

GLINCLIVON, in the confidence of Llewelyn.

FRIAR JOHN, a Monk of Conway.

AUMERY, a priest, brother to Elinor de Montford.

WELSH SOLDIER.

DRUIDS.

HERALDS.

OFFICERS.

Barons of Snowden.

EDWARD the FIRST, King of England.

EARL of GLOUCESTER, his brother.

JOHN PECKHAM, Archbishop of Canterbury.

EARL of HEREFORD,

EARL of CHESTER,

Lords of the English Marches.

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER, a Lord Marcher in Wales.

ROGER DE CLIFFORD, Governor of Hawarden Castle.

OFFICER.

WOMEN:

ELINOR DE MONTFORD, betrothed, and afterwards married to Llewelyn.

MADELEINE, her attendant.

NESTA, sister to Llewelyn, in love with Ivor.

BERNICE', her friend, in love with Cadwallon.

SYBIL, a soothsayer.

QUEEN ELEONORA, wife to King Edward.

LADY GLOUCESTER.

THE
CAMBRIAN HERO;

An Historical Tragedy.

ACT I.

SCENE I.----Llewelyn's Palace at Aberffraw, in the Isle of Anglesey.*

Enter Ivor and Gronow.

GRONOW.

WITH joy, my friend, I hail thy safe return.
This morn the Council meet. They'll anxious wish
To know thy mission at the English court.
But why that pensive look? that downcast Eye?
They speak the prologue of some tragic tale.

IVOR.

I feel a strange—a sad foreboding here;
The gloomy presage of my country's fate—
King Edward is returned from Palestine.

GRONOW.

And though he be returned, with laurels graced,
Shall a mind like thine be from its centre struck
By airy visions, or a fevered dream?

* The ancient Mona.

IVOR.

No airy vision, and no fevered dream,
 Have fixed the dire impression on my heart.
 Oh! No.
 It was King Edward, decked in proud array,
 Advancing slowly through AUGUSTA's streets.
 'Midst the loud incense offered to his pride,
 'Midst the gay smiles, that gleamed around his brow,
 A deep intent I saw; a savage purpose
 Darkening his mien, and lurking in his eye.
 I fear, this fiery—this portentous star,
 As through the air it whirls its rapid course,
 Will wrap ill-fated Cambria in a blaze.

GRONOW (*presenting Caradoe's Chronicle of Wales*)

Behold this Tablet, Ivor; mark it well.
 Engraven there is ancient Cambria's story.
 There wilt thou read, through times successive flow,
 Of royal armies, led by Roman chiefs,
 Defeated, and disgraced: of inborn spirit
 Roused 'gainst the Saxon, Danish, Norman race.
 Need I to point thy anxious ardent eye
 To the gay banners of our gallant prince,
 Late crowned with conquest in the fields of war.
 And shall brave Ivor tremble at a spectre,
 An hideous image, that wild fancy forms?

IVOR.

No *Phantom* shakes my firm and solid nerve:
 No wild or vain illusion of the brain.
 My country's ills, as in perspective viewed,
 Are owned by wisdom; marked by reason's eye.
 Note what I say—
 In Edward's soul combines ambition,
 With deep design, with high but subtle thought:
 Of spirit ardent, and though fond of war,
 Conquest's his aim, not glory's brighter charms.

Our native land the prize for which he starts
With sinewy vigour, but with measured pace.
Remember *Tievy's* banks—where the proud prince,
Foiled by Llewelyn, fled from th' hostile field.
Hate and revenge e'er since have fired his soul.
His Syrian laurels, torn from Caliph's brow,
Fade at the thought, and wither on his own.
Ambition thus, and wounded pride conspire
To crush our prince, and raze the Cambrian name.

GRONOW.

Ivor no more—my mind reluctant yields.

IVOR (*to himself*).

But when the storm shall burst, and war shall rage,
When gaunt ambition, with *Ithuriel* spear,
Shakes his fell dart—to wither Cambria's strength:
May then my arm, with vigour doubly steeled,
Strike down the lance—avenge my country's wrongs,
Or may I perish on th' ensanguined field.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.----An Apartment in the Palace of Aberffraw.

Enter Nesta and Bernice'.

NESTA.

Ivor returned, say'st thou?—Where didst see him?

BERNICE'.

An hour agone,—and in the palace garden.

NESTA.

An hour agone—it stirs my wonder much—
This strange delay—this cold neglect in love:

Were thy heart warmed—impassioned as is mine—
 Thou'dst fly to meet me with a lover's haste.
 Surely no English dame in Henry's court,
 With brighter charms, has stolen my Ivor's heart.

BERNICE'.

Ah, lady, let not green-eyed jealousy
 Sicken thy bosom—taint thy chieftain's faith.

NESTA.

Ah! tis not as 'twas wont—when the brave chief,
 Straight from the chace, would offer at my shrine
 His pledge of love, the trophies of the day :
 Or when returned from England's bloody wars,
 He laid his sword a tribute at my feet :
 He then appeared more pleasing to the eye,
 Than when the minstrel's song, or festive horn,
 Calls him accoutred to Llewelyn's court :
 It strikes my Woman's heart with anxious dread,
 From the soft glances of an English eye
 Much peril meets my gay and gallant chief.

— But ill besrew me for such idle fears—
 The vapoured fancies of a lovesick heart.
 My chieftain's faith—so pledged to love and me,
 Unshaken stands—
 Firm as the barrier rocks which guard our coast.

BERNICE'.

My royal mistress is herself again.

NESTA.

Amidst this soft encounter of our thoughts,
 My friend will say—how fares her gentle heart ?
 Her palid cheek, her mild and moistened eye,—
 Betray the secret—that no calm is there.
 Has love yet fired the gay Cadwallon's breast ?
 Or is the youth unmoved by charms like thine ?

BERNICE'.

Ah, my dear lady—thou hast touched a *chord*,
That vibrates here—from which no music flows;
No charms of mine have fired Cadwallon's *breast*:
Cold as the snow that wraps PLINLIMMON's head,
The only mistress that he woos is war.

—But think not, lady, whatsoe'er I feel,
The soft emotions swelling at my heart
Shall issue thence, to taint my virgin fame.

NESTA.

Bernicé, cease—a noise affails mine ear.
Oh! 'tis Llewelyn, and th' assembled chiefs,
Slowly repairing to the Council Hall.
Here let us stand apart—and as they pass,
Survey with anxious eye the patriot group.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.----Palace Garden at Aberffraw.

Enter Glinclivon.

I'm now dismissed the Council, and am sent
As secret Envoy to the English Court.
In this employ, I've ample power to turn
My fertile talents to their best account.
And as the wheel rolls on in Fortune's game,
Whate'er the schoolmen, musty greybeards, teach,
I'll sieze the 'vantage of each golden prize.—
If strength and genius be dispensed to man,
To shield his weakness, or advance his power,
Why not direct them to their destined end?
To man's self-interest? that universal law
Which sways, and guides him thro' this venal world.

I go from hence, by prince Llewelyn sent,
 His friend, his council, Cambria's guiding star :
 But did he know me—as I shall be known—
 The tears o' th' Crocodile he'd trust as soon.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.----A Grove of Mountain Ash.

Enter Nesta and Bernice' (with each an Harp).

NESTA.

Here in this woodland shade we'll sit awhile,
 And guile with soothing song the hours away.
 For sad and slow the hours will pass along,
 Until my lover, gallant Ivor, comes.

NESTA (Sings).

Go gentle Love with ardent spring,
 And armed with all thy potent charms ;
 Go, mount him on thy buoyant wing,
 And waft my lover to my arms.

BERNICE'.

Go potent Love with all thy fire,
 Diffuse it through Cadwallon's veins :
 Inspire that heart with soft desire,
 Where Lapland coldness only reigns.

NESTA.

Should Dian's lamp, that lights from far,
 Be dim through yon Ethereal waste :
 Thou magic Love, be thou the star,
 To guide my lover to my breast.

Enter Ivor.

But see he's here—Ah! my heart's dear Ivor.

IVOR.

My dearest Nesta—Oh! my soul's best treasure!
To see thee thus—to fold thee in my arms—
Our bosoms beating with responsive throbs—
Is bliss supreme—and far o'er pays the pangs,
Which absence gave, through six sad tedious moons.

NESTA.

But say my friend—were ne'er those moments cheared,
Thy pangs of absence soothed—by beauty's smile—
No danger lurking there—in beauty's eye?

IVOR.

No charms I saw, had any *charm* on me:
No Circe's bowl I drained, with pleasure filled:
Nor heard the Syren's song, with treason fraught.
Loves, such as ours—so fixed by Nature's laws,
Never can vary from their destined point:
Ivor the magnet—thou the polar star.

NESTA.

Thus, thus I thank thee—but we'll part no more.

IVOR.

Ah, part no more—I hope it will be so.
Awhile I quit thee, to attend the council.
(Leading Nesta to Bernice').

And now, Bernicé, my loved Nesta's friend,
Her sorrow's soother, and her bosom's guide,
This dearest pledge of love I leave with thee:
And whatsoe'er our fates enrolled above:
How gay the thread—or dark the tissue's wove:
This moral lesson do thou teach to her,
Its sacred truth imprinted on thyself:—
That suffering Meekness, and that Virtue's child,
Shall wear the wreath of heavenly peace at last.

SCENE V.----Council Hall, in the Palace of Aberffraw.

LLEWELYN (*rising from the council table*).

Ye warrior chiefs, who are assembled here,
 Llewelyn greets ye all with cordial love:
 But to *Demetia's** chiefs, no fealty due,
 His highest praise, his grateful thanks are theirs:
 To those high-minded men, on honour's call,
 Who give their councils, and assert his cause.

RHYS AP MAELQUIN.

We all owe homage at a time like this.
 And here we all devote the vengeful sword
 To thine, Llewelyn, and to Cambria's wrongs.
 (*Laying their swords on the table.*)

LLEWELYN.

This generous ardour, chiefs, your prince applauds.
 The day may come, if such is Heaven's behest,
 When your high courage will our country save.
 But busines now, of import to the State,
 And pressing on my person's safety, claims
 Your wisdom, chiefs, your calm, deliberate thought.
 Ivor, late envoy, at the English court,
 Inform the council of thy miffion there.

IVOR (*rises*).

I met the deputies by England sent,
 And with them signed the peace definitive.
 The lands were yielded up, that each had ta'en;
 Thy rights, with laws o' th' marches, were restored.
 Quitting with joy the hateful English court,
 A summons called me to King Edward's presence.

* South Wales.

“ Ivor”—exclaimed the monarch,—“ tell thy chief
“ That he’s a traitor to his lawful liege:
“ Imposing on our father’s mind and age,
“ When prisoner to the rebel Montford:
“ Tell him, that he resumed a sovereign power,
“ Oft broke his faith, and oft denied him homage.
“ Shall Scotia’s king desert his regal state?
“ Traverse his confine to our royal court?
“ And shall thy chief—a self-entitled prince,
“ From abstract claims long since surrendered up,
“ Refuse the fealty that he owes his lord?”
To this foul storm I calmly thus replied;
There is a virtue in Llewelyn’s heart,
That as a talisman repels the stain;
And stamps the patriot deep indented there.

LLEWELYN.

Ivor, I applaud thy generous spirit.

IVOR.

Disdaining a reply, the king went on:
“ Whether hid in marshes deep—or caverns fell—
“ Or that he sneaks behind his native rocks—
“ Or like his native wolves he prowls i’ th’ night—
“ Tell him, we’ll find the recreant vassal out.”

LLEWELYN.

Called me a traitor?—me a recreant vassal?—
Presumptuous—bold—and proud Plantagenet:
Me?—whose high race had held the British sceptre
Long ere these Anjou dukes were known to fame—
Or graced their helmets with the Syrian broom:
It shall be found, upon some arduous day,
Who is the recreant, Edward, thou—or I:
Whether we wait thee on our native rocks,
Or like our native wolves i’ th’ dead of night
Hurl death and terror on thy sleeping camp,
Llewelyn will be there—then will he strike

The blazoned trophy off thy crested helm—
 As once he did—when—
 Down, down my heart—these idle vaunts away :
 He, who's entrusted with the weal of millions,
 Who guards their passions, should controul his own.

(A slight pause.)

Chieftains, the conference is now renewed—
 The times are urgent—

RHYS AP MAELQUIN.

Urgent indeed they are, and teem with storms.
 Firmness and union, prince, with valour's aid,
 May yet repel them, and avert our fate.
 Myself, and these my brave compatriots,
 Are come to warn thee, prince, no trust—no faith—
 No honour sways—our deep and deadly foes.
 —Have they not given in fee our lands away ?
 Beguiled our chieftains by insidious lures ?
 Crushed down our princes of illustrious race ?
 Has not ambition now, by fraud or force,
 Seized on *Demetia* and her fertile plains,
 And torn from *Quinetha's** strength her sister arm ?
 Are ye secure ?—Ye, who begin to drink
 The bitter waters, we have tasted long ?
 Is female honour safe ?—Your own demesnes,
 As lust and rapine proul along for prey ?
 Are ye not subject to a foreign code ?
 Your ancient customs changed ? your ancient laws ?
 Oppression's hand has stamped on all her mark :
 And soon, Calamity, enveloped deep
 In ebon clouds, shall blacken all your coast.

LLEWELYN.

True is the varied picture thou hast drawn,
 Though deeply charged, and dark the colours are.

* North Wales.

But minds attempered, and in Virtue's cause,
No perils dread, howe'er the tempest howls:
To avert its ills, and guard our native land,
What men can do, the generous and the brave,
Ourselves will do—*then leave the rest to God.*

Enter English Herald.

By order of my master, England's king,
This mandate, Cambrian prince, I give to thee.

LLEWELYN (*taking the paper.*)

Herald retire.—

(*Reads.*)

— — — — — So —

'Tis a rescript from th' imperious Edward,
A summons to attend his coronation.

(*Pauses to himself.*)

From mandates such as these, much ill I auger.
The claims of feudal pride on free-born states.
It is the policy of insidious foes
To sap all manly virtue at the heart,
Whene'er Ambition aims his fatal shaft.

(*Turning to the chiefs.*)

Your wisdom, chiefs, must now decide the point,
Whether it more imports the public weal,
That I, in person, do obey the king,
Or by refusal call his vengeance down.

HARLECH.

Reject the summons, prince, 'tis age that speaks :
A prudent caution should direct our steps,
When every winding path is strown with thorns :
A life like thine, important to us all,
Must not be thrown on "th' hazard of a die."
Are not thy brothers leagued with England's king ?
Thy rebel chieftains entertained by him ?
Has time erased thy gallant father's fate ?
Where's then *thy* safety ?—Where are Cambria's hopes ?

Should a rash impulse, or chivalric trust,
Lead thee, unguarded, to king Edward's court.

LLEWELYN.

Father proceed, thy wisdom I revere.

HARLECH.

Allow me, prince, to throw in brighter tints.
Art not contracted to fair Elinor,
Great Montford's daughter, in Montargis bred?
Her friends are strong, and adverse to thy foe:
And leagued with thee, pale Discord's fiery torch
Again shall blaze o'er Edward's wide domain.
Unite with Elinor in Hymen's bands:
And from that union stock shall scions spring
To curb the growth of yon wide branching Oak.

LLEWELYN.

Thy counsel, friend, shall have my serious thought.
And now young chiefs, whose ardent spirits feel
Acute sensation, keener sense of wrong,
Direct my steps through this bewildered maze.

IVOR.

I am not gifted in the grace of speech:
A warrior's eloquence lies in his sword.

CADWALLON.

My sword shall best evince my patriot zeal.

GRONOW.

To age matured we yield the palm of thought:
War is our science—ours the tented field.

LLEWELYN (*pauses*).

Chieftains, I thank ye, my resolve is ta'en.
But through this eddy stream my course I'll steer,
Between the rocks impervious to the eye,
Of timid caution, and of rash resolve.

(*Writes.*)

Call in the herald —

Enter Herald.

Tell thou thy king, that I'll obey his summons:
But on what terms this packet will unfold.

(*Exit Herald.*)

My gallant chiefs, the council is dismissed.
Retire ye now, each to his separate charge:
Strain every nerve — call up your patriot fire;
And shield our Cambria from the threatening storm.

Exeunt.

—
End of the First Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I.---King Edward's Palace in London.

Enter the Earl of Gloucester.

GLOUCESTER.

IT stirs my wonder—so much time elapsed—
That th' English herald, sent to Llewelyn's court,
Has not ere this brought back th' expected anfwer.

Enter Archbishop of Canterbury.

Good morn, my reverend Lord Archbishop.

PECKHAM.

Health and peace betide the Earl of Glo'ster.
The king yet stirring lord ? his grace was wont
With early lark to breathe the morning air.

GLOUCESTER.

No—he late last night retired from the council,
His mind oppressed with urgent state affairs.

PECKHAM.

Ah ! may my prayers, with those of Holy Church,
Call down from Heaven each blessing on his head :
And sanction all the vast and wise designs,
Revolving now in Edward's thoughtful breast.
But here's the king — may Heaven's shield protect thee.

Enter King Edward.

EDWARD.

For thy blessing we thank thee reverend lord:
Oraisons pure, and pious such as thine,
Will as a buckler be, by Heaven sent,
To shield our person from Disaster's dart.
We now must hasten on our coronation,
And brother, take thy part in its dispatch.

GLoucester.

My utmost powers shall be devoted to it.

EDWARD.

Where is the herald that we sent to Wales?
Is he arrived? or does Llewelyn stay him?

Enter Officer with Herald.

Th' herald, sovereign prince, returned from Wales.

EDWARD.

Herald speak quick—what says the frantic chief?

HERALD.

He said, my liege, and with firm tone he spoke,
"Tell thou, thy king, that I'll obey his summons—
"But on what terms this packet will unfold."

EDWARD (reads).

"'Tis my intent to bend my will to thine,
"But to thy court safe conduct I demand.
"And high-born sureties* for my safe return
"Must pledge thy faith, and calm my country's fears."

(A slight pause.)

Ah! says he so—we'll teach him other phrase:
More modest tones, than such high sounding words.

C

* The Earl of Gloucester.----The Chief Justice of England.

GLOUCESTER.

Indignant, liege, I've heard—and wonder much
 That he a vassal, and a rebel chief—
 Dare boldly thus t' assail the royal ear,
 With traitorous breathing, and with claims like these.

EDWARD.

We marked the moody Ivor ere he went—
 The fire that flashed within his rebel eye—
 But had not interest veiled our rising wrath—
 He had not lived to tell his tale at home.

PECKHAM.

How obstinate soe'er Llewelyn is,
 In disobeying thy most just commands ;
 Yet he perhaps by abstract notions swayed,
 May think he's holding Heaven's prerogative,
 As the vicegerent of its sovereign power.
 The holy precepts teach to poor—frail man,
 The pious lesson of forbearance here :
 That Mercy mild, the attribute of Heaven,
 Should beam on sinners, who repent their faults.

EDWARD.

'Tis not revenge alone that points the fword,
 And whets its edge against the furtive chief.
 Our great designs have ta'en a nobler scope :
 Benevolence their aim, though yet remote.

PECKHAM.

We all do know thy great extent of soul.
 Free as expansive air, thy generous heart
 Beats in accordance with the public good.

EDWARD.

Though vast our views, though pure our motives are,
 Obeisance strict to law we claim from all
 By us protected, or who own our power.

EDWARD (to Peckham).

Our arm's suspended now—the sword is sheathed.
But we'll expect him in our court at Chester,
To pay his homage and bow down his pride.
Earl Gloucester give him note of this—'till then,
Llewelyn sleep—enjoy th' illusive dream
Of crowns, and scepters, and of fancied bliss
In Montford's arms—when Hymen lights the torch.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.----King Edward's Park.

Enter Prince David.

DAVID.

I marvel much what the event will be!
Whether Llewelyn, with true firmness braced,
Rejects the summons sent him by the king;
Or struck with terror, vassal like obeys.
Each weighs i' the scale: and each imports me much:
Tossed on the rolling wave—my mind's afloat.
Should he reject—light opens to my view:
I then with vigorous arm assert his cause:
But if a recreant now, with abject fear,
He crouches low at the Imperial throne,
My roots I plant in this more genial soil,
And leave to him his Cambria's frigid air.

Enter Prince Roderic.

RODERIC.

Long have I sought thee in the royal park.

DAVID.

I'm found at last, but why that anxious search?
And why so terror-struck?—Thy cheek so pale?

RODERIC.

It was a fearful dream, I dreamed last night:
 Sleeping, methought, i' th' chamber—aye i' th' very bed
 On which my father slept—the night he fell
 From th' Tower's high turret to the ditch below:
 Methought I saw his pale and mangled form
 Draw back my curtain—
 And pointing to the turret's rugged front—
 With hollow accent said "*there's—there's the rock
 On which Llewelyn—and we all shall strike.*"
 Thus said it vanished and dissolved to air.
 Instant two heads* in Fancy's vision rose—
 Upreared on poles—with visage gaunt and grim—

DAVID (*agitated*).

Brother retire—I'll talk with thee anon.

Exit Roderic.

DAVID.

"*There's—there's the rock
 On which Llewelyn—and we all shall strike.*"
 So said the ghost—and if the portent's true—
 I too shall on that fatal rock be lost.

(*Muses.*)

How Truth's stern dictates, though in visions couched,
 Sieze on each nerve, and penetrate the soul:

(*Pauses.*)

Chimeras cease—false glory's flights away:
 So touched am I; e'en every sense recoils
 From this fell hate; from Treason's impious aims.

Enter King Edward's Fool.

FOOL.

Ah! art here—i' th' way o' th' fool—get thee hence—
 Oft do I bid thee from the court I trow.

* The heads of the princes, Llewelyn and David, were fixed by King Edward on poles, opposite each other, on the highest turret in the Tower.

Art moody too? thou, whom thine own has fent,
A vagrant here, to eat our country up,
And spy through treason's glaſſ the naked land.

DAVID.

I've other thoughts than thee, thou foolish fool.

FOOL.

'Twill be well with thee—if thy thoughts are wife.
One day or t'other, thou mayſt think o' th' fool—
And then may think—who's been the greatest fool.

DAVID.

I cannot brook it to be flouted thus.

FOOL.

Thou canſt not brook it—nor can I the whip—
It is unsavory—but there's medicine in't—
'Twill give thee wit to know, I've title here—
To wear this cap and play the motley fool—
Or in my motley phrase—and vagrant wits—
Teach all in *saws*—what 'twoud be wise to know,
Who twits at me—twits at his own true ſense.
But here's his grace—and ſoon yon whipſter there,
The laws high beadle, Edward, shakes the whip—
And gives thee taste—of what thou art to feel.

Exit Fool.

Enter King Edward.

EDWARD.

What draws my Lord of Denbigh out ſo ſoon?

DAVID.

T' enjoy the morning air, my gracious liege.

EDWARD.

David, beware—for it does much behove thee
To hold the fealty thou haſt ſworn to keep.

Suspicion's piercing eye is on the watch.
 For they, who swerve from Honour's sacred law,
 No steady track pursue through life's rough sea ;
 But veer and turn with every varying wind.

Exit.

DAVID.

My mind's resolved—these insults I'll not brook.
 But though resolved, yet must I wait a fair
 And golden chance to call me to the field :
 Then deeds in war regain Llewelyn's love.

Exit.

SCENE III.----Royal Palace in London.

Enter the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford (meeting on the stage).

GLOUCESTER.

I joy to see my Lord of Hereford.
 Art thou come recent from the western march ?

HEREFORD.

'Tis near a month since I departed thence.
 But age, worn down by toil and other cares,
 Confined the duties which I owed the king.

Enter King Edward

But here's his grace: Oh ! my dread sovereign lord ;
 It joys my heart to see my liege returned
 So hale from th' peril of the Syrian wars.

EDWARD.

Great praise is due to thee my good old lord.
 Thy loyal firmness in my father's cause
 My grateful thanks demands—my warmest love.
 But my good earl, say, what's the state o' th' borders,
 O'er which, as warden, thou dost hold command ?

HEREFORD.

My powers, unequal to the painter's task,
Can only sketch the outlines of the scene.
E'er since the inroads of the savage Welsh,
The confine marks a dark and dreary waste;
There Desolation holds her full reign.

EDWARD.

Give us but time, we'll pluck the briars up,
And in their stead will plant the summer rose:
Or where the nettle or the thistle grew,
Ceres o'er all shall spread her golden sheaves.

Enter Officer.

OFFICER.

I bring this letter to the Earl of Glo'ster.

GLOUCESTER (*reads*)

“ Our ships of war, on a late cruize at sea,
“ Have ta'en de Montford on her voyage to Wales.”

(*After a pause to himself.*)

EDWARD.

Ah! is it so? — My genius now has scope.
We'll so entangle this love-stricken chief
By magic charm — he'll be our captive too.
— Glo'ster attend fair Elinor to court.—

GLOUCESTER.

T'will be a pleasing task, my gracious liege.

EDWARD.

But now good Glo'ster, and thou our loyal earl,
We'll at this juncture ope our inmost thoughts.
That Montford's daughter is our captive here,
Is of great import to our kingdom's weal.
Her friends are strong and adverse to our reign:
And had fair El'nor reached Llewelyn's court,

The union band she would have tied so close,
'Tween th' English rebels and revolting Welsh,
The sword alone had cut the *Gordian* knot.
To fix the varying needle to its point,
Th' attractive loadstone must be stationed here.

GLOUCESTER.

I now retire t' escort fair Elinor.

Exit.

EDWARD.

'Tis needless, noble earl, to point to thee
The trust that's given to every marcher lord ;
And how it imports much that part o' th' realm,
That *watch* and *ward* be on the borders kept :
For we've a warlike and a subtle foe
To hold at bay — whose fierce and agile spring
At times provokes, and then eludes our grasp.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.---King Edward's Palace in London.

Queen Elenora (*sitting*).

Enter Lady Gloucester.

QUEEN.

Good day to thee, my fair and gentle sister.

LADY GLOUCESTER.

The like, and every good betide your grace.

QUEEN.

Hast seen the king, in passing through the park ?

LADY GLOUCESTER.

Yes, royal mistress, and he looked most blithe.

QUEEN.

It joys me much—for anxious cares of late
Hang on his brow, and tinge his florid mien :
More gay he looked, serener to the eye,
E'en when I sucked the venom'd poison out,
As life's brisk tide was ebbing fast away,
And death was urging on his fatal work.

Enter King Edward. (gaily).

EDWARD.

A stranger fair is just arrived i' th' court,
Who hopes admittance to our gentle queen.

QUEEN.

Who is this stranger, say, whose magic spell,
Has wrought such wonders on thy mantling cheek,
Where pleasure's smile has never gleamed of late ?

EDWARD.

'Tis a fair *mermaid*, from the rolling main,
Steering to th' westward on a "dolphin's back."

QUEEN.

A mermaid, say'ft thou, she is welcome then.
But say, my lord, and without Fancy's aid,
Who the fair mermaid is, this sea-born nymph ?

EDWARD.

Elinor de Montford—
With vigils tired, with beads, and matin prayers,
Had winged her flight for Wales—to offer there
A warmer incense at the shrine of Love.

Enter Officer.

OFFICER.

The captives lately ta'en await your grace.

Exit.

Enter Aumery, Elinor de Montford, Madeleine, and Gloucester.

EDWARD.

Strangers, ye're welcome to the English court.

AUMERY.

Of that we cannot doubt——

But that we should on open sea be taken
 Thy prisoners, king, and from our purpose driven,
 No war between my sovereign liege and thee,
 Of that we do complain ; and feel infringed
 The law of nations, and the faith of kings.

EDWARD.

To thee at least we are not bound to answer
 Why we have done this deed that wakes thy frown.

AUMERY.

Deeds, such as this, tyrants alone atchieve.

EDWARD.

Were I that tyrant, thou hast stiled me, priest,
 Thy head should pay the forfeit for thy tongue.

AUMERY.

I claim the privilege of Holy Church—
 And for my sister here—her virtues will
 Encircle her with Heaven's protecting shield.

EDWARD (*to Gloucester*).

See that he's close confined in Sherborne castle.
 Fair Elinor shall remain i' th' English court.

(*To Aumery.*.)

We shall adjust this matter with thy king.

Exit Aumery with Gloucester.

QUEEN.

Lady, good day—how fares the gentle Montford?

ELINOR.

As one, who feels acute her bosom's wish,
Her hopes, high blossomed, nipt i' th' winter's frost—
But who resigns herself to Heaven's high will.

QUEEN.

Thy sorrows, lady, resignation mild,
Call for our pity, and our warmest praise.

Exeunt Queen and Lady Gloucester.

EDWARD.

We'll commune, Elinor, awhile with thee.
'Tis in thy means to serve our interests well,
And rule the conduct of yon moon-struck chief.
If by attractive power, or central force,
Thou keep'st that fiery and eccentric orb,
Within the lines prescribed by duty's law,
Hymen shall then light up his genial torch :
Our fullest honours, and our special grace,
Shall be thy meed for such thy high desert.

ELINOR.

Should th' Almighty judge a maid like me,
An agent fit to serve His righteous aims,
I would with zeal obey the sacred call :
His views are wise—unerring all His ways :
But man, frail man, on Passion's current borne,
Drives on impetuous in his whirlwind course.

EDWARD.

Precepts like these, oft taught in cloistered walls,
Though inoral all, yet bear not to our point.

ELINOR.

They bear at least my just and firm resolves.
If in my power by Virtue's simple means,
To tie more close the bands of social love,
To extinguish in the heart the cause of war,
Between thyself and my affianced lord,
To these good ends I will devote my strength.

But think not, though the idol of his soul,
 I e'er will urge him on ignoble points,
 Injure his honour, or his sovereign rights.
 Though captive here, and a defenceless maid,
 With equal mind, and fixed resolve, I'll bear
 Thy full-blown offers, or thy direst hate.

EDWARD.

We leave thee El'nor to thy better thoughts.

Exit.

ELINOR.

And now my Madeleine this scene is o'er:
 And painful sure it was to Montford's heart.

MADELEINE.

Painful it must be to a heart like thine,
 For e'en to me an irksome scene it was :
 Besides the ills reflected from mischance,
 I saw the fire that kindled Edward's eye,
 As, rapt, he gazed on his fair captive's charms.

ELINOR.

My faded form diffused no other fire,
 Than what ambition flashed on Edward's eye.
 Ah no ! he then assumed his native mien,
 O'er which design had thrown a flimsy veil :
 With haughty tone, in pointed terms he said :

My freedom's price—must be my honour's wreck.

(To herself.)

But long as life's blood warms this fickened heart,
 It vibrates true to thee, my dearest lord.

(To Madeleine.)

It gives a deeper tinge to my sad thoughts,
 As Fancy views him through her magic glas,
 To think—how keen he'll feel this keenest frost :
 His budding hopes just bursting into flower :

ELINOR (to herself).

For oft Llewelyn, oft my bosom's lord,
Casts o'er the main a lover's anxious eye,
To meet his Elinor buoyant on the waves :
And oft that eye, in night's thick vapours lost,
Turns away pensive from the trackless deep.

Exeunt.

—
End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE I.----Llewelyn's Palace, at Aberffraw.

Enter Llewelyn (in a thoughtful mood).

LLEWELYN.

PERHAPS there is not in the range of thought
Sensation more acute than hope delayed ;
Or aught that wounds so deeply as suspense :
'Tis that I feel—'tis that uncertain void
On which the wavering mind unsettled floats.
Could I but fathom Edward's deep designs,
Through the dark mists in which they are involved,
I might repel them as they spring to life.
But all between us is a silent blank :
'Tis like the calm, that stillness in the air
Nature oft sends, precursor of the storm.
But this apart—my heart's more keenly touched :
Its poignant feelings strained t' th' highest pitch
For Elinor's dubious fate : that lovely maid,
Whose dear dear image is imprinted here.

Enter Ivor (presenting a letter to Llewelyn).

IVOR.

A herald is arrived from England's king.

LLEWELYN (*reads*).

'Tis a new summons to attend at Chester.

(*Musing in a low tone to himself.*)

It's his design to lure me to his goal :
 And when the imperial lion docile grows,
 To chafe or sooth him, as the will directs ;
 And when the lion tamely wears his chains,
 He'll sportive shew him, and with taunts exclaim,
 That is Llewelyn—*once* the Prince of Wales.

(*Agitated.*)

Take care Llewelyn that no hideous spectre,
 Which in disordered fancy thou hast seen,
 Shall strike thy mind from off its solid base.

IVOR.

Th' intent is clear, by rescripts such as these,
 To lower thee, crouching, in the public eye,
 And then to crush, when all esteem is lost.
 — If meet ye must—meet him in the front of war—
 For there's the station of a Cambrian prince.

LLEWELYN.

'Tis true ; and yet a prince humane as brave,
 First mild persuasion, stronger tones he tries,
 Ere he, indignant, loose the reins of war.

(*Musing.*)

I'm now resolved once more to try the field,
 And guard my safety with the hostile sword.

Enter Officer.

OFFICER.

This letter, prince, is sent from the English court.

Llewelyn opens and reads part of the letter in great agitation.

LLEWELYN.

Captive—say'st thou—my web is winding up.

There, read the prologue of Llewelyn's fate.

IVOR (*reads*).

“ Sailing from France to finish Hymen’s rites,
“ Montford is taken, and in Edward’s power.
“ GLINCLIVON.”

LLEWELYN (*in a dejected tone*).

Something like *prescience* told me this was so :

And as a vapoured vision of the night,
Pressed heavy on me, and unnerved my soul.—
Ah!—there’s a billet from the letter fallen :

(*Takes it up*.)

’Tis her dear cypher—’tis my Elinor’s name.

(*Reads*.)

“ Preserve thine honour, as thou wouldest thine Elinor’s.”

(*Pauses*.)

And so I will, thou angel monitor.

— And now, my friend, I’ve done with these soft plaints :

More noble aims call up my spirits now :

My injured Elinor : my country’s wrongs.

Haste to the frontier—take thy Snowden bands—

Detach Cadwallon, and his warrior clan,

To waste the borders, and to spread alarm :

And instant, thou pursue his fiery track.

Nearer t’ th’ confine I’ll advance my powers,

And sieze each ’vantage as the wheel rolls on.

IVOR.

My prompt dispatch shall speak my duty’s zeal.

LLEWELYN.

Farewell my friend—but on some arduous day—

Thy soul high-wrought—on fire for deeds of death,

If Nesta’s image, should e’er strike thine eye,

Think, that her fate is pendent on thine arm.

IVOR.

Though Cambria’s wrongs shall rouse the vengeful steel,
Thy image, Nesta, gives it keener force.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.----King Edward's Court, in Chester Castle.

Enter Edward, the Earls of Gloucester, Hereford, and Chester, (meeting on the platform, in full view of Wales).

EDWARD (to Hereford).

Good day to all, and thee my good old earl.
Our march from Wor'ster has been tedious, lord.

HEREFORD.

It has my liege—marked by disaster too.

EDWARD.

Say Earl of Chester, are thy yeomen here ?
All well accoutred, and in good array ?

CHESTER.

They are my liege—all eager for the war.

EDWARD.

Glo'ster, be this thy charge; and note it well ;
Let all our castles, and our frontier posts,
Be thrown into a state of strong defence.
Hew down the forests up to Conway's flood,
And ope a passage for our army's march.
This great design demands thy utmost powers,
And the strong sinews of our liegemen here.

GLOUCESTER.

In this vast work dispatch shall mark my zeal.

Exit.

EDWARD (looking towards Wales and speaking to his attendant Lords).

'Tis a bold view, that strikes upon our eye.
Yon range of mountains, with indignant frown,
Scouls stern defiance on our rude advance:
But when we scale yon rugged wall of rock,
The time-worn Snowden trembles on its base.

*Enter an Officer in the King's Army.***OFFICER.**

I crave thy pardon, for the tale I tell.
 'Twas mine in charge to bring from Wor'ster's court
 El'nor de Montford, to attend the queen.
 The chief from Wales, who led the Arab band,
 In ambush lay—and in the dead o' th' night
 Forced our strong guard, and siezed the captive dame.
 —The chief is wounded, and thy prisoner here.

EDWARD.

Convey him straight in chains to Hawarden Castle.

(*Musing.*)

Ah! this has blighted all the golden hopes,
 That vainly blossomed from fair El'nor's charms.

(*To himself.*)

But we'll assist him in his nuptial rites,
 And give him music for his grand carouse:
 The dance we'll give him through its fatal maze,
 Led on by Death, our festive minstrel there.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.----Llewelyn's Palace, at Aber, in Carnarvonshire.

*Enter Glinclivon, meeting an Officer.***GLINCLIVON.**

Go tell the prince, I wish to see him straight.
 And say our conference must be secret.

Exit Officer.

So far my views have ta'en an ample scope :
 So far have prospered all the brilliant hopes,
 Which I'd not vainly nurtured in my brain.
 For now in Edward's councils do I move,
 An agent fit for his all-pregnant mind.

*Enter Llewelyn.***LLEWELYN.**

Ah ! art thou here Glinclivon—say my friend,
What is the purport of thy errand now ?

GLINCLIVON.

It holds an interest in my sovereign's weal :
And winged by loyal zeal I'm hither come.
It joys me much to see my friend so calm,
Amidst the storm that's hovering round his head,
The lowering clouds which shade his fortune's now.

LLEWELYN.

My sky of late has often darkly frowned.
But some fresh storm has thrown in blacker tints,
Or why that pensive—why that anxious look ?

GLINCLIVON.

It is—because—and with regret—I speak—
The lovely Montford—is in Edward's court.

LLEWELYN.

Too well I know—and that's the cloud which throws
A deeper shade around my setting star.
But what of that ? e'en there she fits secure
On Virtue's throne, with angels for her guard.

GLINCLIVON.

To thee my friend, howe'er it pains my heart,
I must be plain—*danger is lurking there.*

LLEWELYN.

What canst thou mean ? for thy ambiguous phrase
Fevers my blood—calls all my spirits up—
And strikes my mind from off its central spring.

GLINCLIVON.

'Tis not for me, by foul aspersion's breath,
To stain a soul so pure as Elinor's ;
But Edward's young—is full of fire—and hates.

LLEWELYN.

I know he hates—but then his mind is fraught
 With manly virtues, and chivalric worth:
 Too nobly gifted for so foul a deed.
 But were he false—in Elinor's breast is lodged
 An amulet—that guards it from all stain.

GLINCLIVON.

For thy de Montford, in her spotless soul,
 No faintly seraph is more pure than her:
 So I believe—but *woman may be frail*,
 When splendour casts a fascinating charm,
 And princely Edward courts the raptured eye.
More might I tell—and 'tis my zeal for thee,
 To make this peerless maiden now thine own,
 I rouse thy spirit by the baleful tale.

LLEWELYN.

Devise the means—if honour stays me not,
 No peril shall appal my steady soul.

GLINCLIVON.

Read then this packet, prince—revolve it deep—
 For it imports thee much—

(*Aside.*)

The poison works—
 The venomed arrow rankles in his heart.

Exit.

LLEWELYN (*after a pause*).

But *woman may be frail*—then what am I?
 A shattered bark, tossed on th' unstable wave.
More might I tell—mysterious baleful words—
 Their subtle poison shoots thro' every vein—
 The jarring elements within my soul
 Are all in conflict wild—

(*Pause.*)

Stop, Llewelyn, stop—fervid spirit down—

(*Pause.*)

Shall slight surmise, though urged in friendly zeal,
 Melt the strong cement of affianced love:

Or taint a mind so chaste, a soul like her's,
Where all the virgin graces are inshrin'd :
And where religion has affix'd her seal.
Oh ! no—away—away the horrid thought—
My El'nor's pure—Glinclivon is deceived.

Exit.

SCENE IV.----Llewelyn sitting at a table, in an apartment of the Palace, and reading a packet.

LLEWELYN (*musing for a time*).

Though fondly urged—my firm resolve is fixed,
Although my friend should prompt me to the deed,
And my dear El'nor is the golden prize.

Enter Gronow.

GRONOW.

What is the purport of those papers, prince,
Which stamps upon thy brow such serious thought ?

LLEWELYN.

There—read the packet which Glinclivon brings.

GRONOW (*reads*).

Let deep discretion now direct thy steps,
When every path with wily serpents teems.

LLEWELYN (*after a pause*).

I'll not the lands restore, the forts repair,
Which late by conquest we have made our own :
Nor will I by command to Chester go,
Nor yield my warriors at king Edward's call.

(*Slight Pause.*)

'Tis true—that Edward throws to me a lure,
The brightest diamond that adorns his crown :
All that the eye—whate'er my soul holds dear.

But yet a stern severer duty calls
On me, a prince, whose delegated trust
Is Heaven's high gift, dispensed to mortal man,
'To act as agent in its sacred cause,
And guard the millions trusted to his care.

GRONOW.

'Tis thine, Llewelyn—'tis thy manly part
To mould thy spirit to such noble aims.

LLEWELYN.

It is my wish—but see yon cloud of dust,
That like a spiral column mounts t' th' sky.
It sounds t' th' ear as if a thousand hoofs
Were clattering down yon rugged winding way.
Are all the posts secure?—

GRONOW.

All are secure—yet as it nearer comes,
I think, I see, though indistinct it seems,
As if 'twere Ivor's self—
And here he comes t' unfold his quick return.

Enter Ivor.

IVOR.

Llewelyn, prince, I bring to thee a gift—
The brightest trophy of the conquered field
That Fortune sends—her pledge of happier smiles :
My beauteous charge—Elinor de Montford.

LLEWELYN.

My Elinor—then fortune hast thou smiled.
But why withhold her from my anxious eye ?

IVOR.

With virgin blush, suffused upon her cheek,
She bends her duties to thy royal will.

Exit.

Enter Ivor, with Elinor and Madeleine.
(Llewelyn and Elinor gaze for some moments at each other.)

LLEWELYN.

And do I see thee now—thou dear, dear maid ?
Whose image oft I've viewed in fancy's eye :
Thus, thus to fold thee to my throbbing breast,
Is to secure the bliss fond fancy promised.

ELINOR.

With timid eye and palpitating heart,
I meet thee prince, my long affianced lord.

(Kneels.)

And Thou, great GOD, assist a suppliant maid,
So to direct the journey she must go
Through the dark mazes of this thorny world,
As to deserve his love, promote his bliss :
Pure spirit of my father!—if thou still
Feel'st aught of interest for weak mortals here,
Look down upon me, bless my nuptial hour,
And cast a father's mantle o'er thy child.

(Rises.)

LLEWELYN.

Say, Ivor, say, to what capricious chance,
Incessant rising through life's varied scene,
Must I be thankful for this golden prize ?

IVOR.

I' th' joy I felt to shew thee this bright star,
I had o'erlooked the shade that dims its lustre.
Cadwallon, rapid as the light'ning's flash,
Soon set the confine in a livid blaze :
Then as he shot along the blackening waste,
A troop he 'spied, and checked in full career,
Bearing fair Montford to the English court.
With tiger's rage the phalanx he o'erwhelmed,
And from its centre siezed the trembling dame :
But in the conflict he was made a prisoner.

LLEWELYN

If thou, my friend, hast found a warrior's grave,
Thou shalt obtain from me a warrior's meed.

IVOR.

I soon pursued—redeemed the captive maid—
And on the instant bore her off to Wales.

ELINOR (*to Llewelyn*).

Dear is the ransom, thou must pay for Elinor,
And tinged her freedom is with deep alloy:
I saw the chief with pointed javelin fixed,
Pierce the deep column that enclosed me round:
I saw him victor, and myself set free:
I saw him wounded, and the warrior fallen:
Memory from thence was lost in stagnant sense,
Until the valour of this gallant chief
Called me to freedom, and to thee, loved lord.

Enter Nesta (*agitated*).

NESTA.

Ah? where is Ivor?—Is he safe returned?

IVOR.

Favoured by fortune, he is soon returned:
Love lent him wings, and duty steered his course.

LLEWELYN (*presenting Elinor to Nesta*).

This fairest dame I give in charge to thee:
A gem, high valued, by th' Almighty sent:
A cordial drop, thrown in Llewelyn's cup:
The Heavenly gift is *Elinor de Montford*.
Preserve her as thou wouldest a *relic* keep:
A faintly image, that inspires thy soul
With holy fervour, and with heavenly grace.

(*To Elinor.*)

Thy wearied spirits now should seek repose:

(*To Nesta.*)

To calm and sooth them, be my Nesta's care.

Exeunt Elinor, Madeleine and Nesta.

*Enter Courier.***COURIER.**

Liege, from prince David I am come express.

LLEWELYN.

Ah! from my brother?—Speak, what says the traitor?

COURIER.

I am to tell thee: struck with conscious shame,
And deep remorse, for Cambria's wrongs and thine,
That he, withdrawn from Edward's perilous court,
Now lies secreted in his own demesnes;
Till some bright chance shall give him power to act
The patriot part, and raze from off his name
The taint of treason, that now dims its lustre.

LLEWELYN.

Virtue alone can give the chymic power,
To cleanse the mind from stains of conscious guilt.

COURIER.

But I've another tale to tell thee prince.
Hast thou of late heard aught of young Cadwallon?

LLEWELYN.

Yes, he is wounded, and in Edward's power.

COURIER.

He's doomed to death by Edward's stern decree.

LLEWELYN.

But he'll not surely to such ruthless point
Urge his deep malice, and inveterate hate?

COURIER.

Whate'er king Edward wills—'tis fixed as fate.

LLEWELYN.

Then is Cadwallon lost——

(To Ivor.)

Each as chance offers, must his victim be:
My turn will come to satiate his revenge.

But 'tis no season for such vain portents:

Action my province now: the hero's part.

(*To Courier.*)

Go, tell thy chief, by valorous deeds in arms,
To check proud Edward, and regain my love.

Exit Courier.

IVOR.

I joy to think, cleared from the traitor's stain,
Thy brother David has renounced the foe.

LLEWELYN.

And so am I: for much we need him now.

(*Slight Pause.*)

I grieve, my Ivor, at this sad mischance:
The mournful fate, that waits the warrior youth.
Here let me think: find some expedient now,
To snatch Cadwallon from the grasp of death.

(*Musing.*)

There is a virtue in the holy cowl,
That strikes e'en kings with reverential awe.
I'll send the Friar John t' th' English court,
To urge my wish, and plead the chieftain's cause:
But should he vainly plead, he gives him *shrift*.
Then to the God of War we make appeal,
And stern reprisal wields the vengeful sword:
Then on the sanguined plain, with victims strown,
We raise an urn sepulchral to the dead.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.----An Aisle in the Cathedral Church, at Aber.

Solemn strains of music from the organ.

Enter Bernice'.

BERNICE'.

There is a mild, a pensive beauty here,
That's sadly soothing to a soul like mine:
A calm, reflected from these vaulted aisles,
More genial to the heart of thoughtful man,
Than the gay splendour of fantastic life.

Reserve and sadness seem to chill the air:
And Nature's self seems wrapped in sullen gloom:
For e'en yon court, the scene of festive joy,
Is now a blank; a silent dreary waste;
The harp unstrung; and mute the minstrel's song.

(*Pause.*)

'Tis strange—no news arrives from that loved chief—
Whose manly image is engrafted here:
Anxious to know—I cannot, dare not ask:
But here comes Friar John, my holy guide:
And e'en with *him* have sorrow's dark'ned tints
Thrown deeper colour on his sombre cheek.

FRIAR.

Heaven guard thee, maiden, from all evil thoughts.
Whate'er's the cup ordained for thee to taste,
In man's sad travel through this sorrow's vale,
Keep thy mind even; in that placid calm,
Which seraphs practice, and our precepts teach:
Hast thou due vigils kept? oraisons made?
And craved protection from the throne of Grace?

BERNICE'.

Father, I have: and if I've erred in aught,
It was my frailty—not my will that finned.
But why so closely urged—so questioned now?
When last I met thee in yon vaulted aisle,
Whose high-raised arches cast a solemn gloom;
As trembling then I knelt, with pious awe,
Before the sacred Crofs, and imaged saints,
I opened to thee all my bosom's thoughts.

FRIAR.

Thou didst indeed, and I monitian gave.

BERNICE'.

Thy words enveloped are in night's dark veil;
Thy looks, the omen of Bernicé's fate.

FRIAR.

I'll then be brief: Holy Virgin guard her.

Cadwallon is in chains—in Edward's power—
He's wounded too—and by a stern decree—
Is doomed to——

(She starts each time with stronger emotion.)

BERNICE'.

Ah! doomed to what? what is he doomed to bear?

FRIAR.

The last sad refuge from all mortal coil.

BERNICE'.

He's doomed to death! but when that fate is o'er,
As thy pure spirit, on an angel's wing,
Rides buoyant through the air to meet its GOD,
—Oh! think—Cadwallon, on the lost Bernicé.

(Pause.)

Thy pardon, father—I am patient now.

FRIAR.

It much behoves thee to be patient still:
Child of affliction, hear my mission out:
Llewelyn sends me to the English king,
To offer ransom for the warrior's life.
If mercy fails—I plead the laws of war:
But should inveterate hate reject the suit,
I throw the gage of stern reprisal down:
We then prepare him for a better world.

BERNICE'.

Affist me, father, for I've need of aid:
Oh! give thy counsel to weak frailty's child;
The balm of comfort to her wounded heart.

FRIAR.

Anon, I meet thee in the cloistered aisle.

Exeunt.

SCENE VI.----A Forest.----Welsh Camp, on the heights of Kinmael, above St. Asaph.

Welsh Soldiers amusing themselves in various sports.

Enter Friar John.

SOLDIER, (*speaking to his comrades*).

He's Friar John, I know him by his crofs.

FRIAR.

Warriors good day — Heaven guard ye from all harm.

SOLDIER.

Our thanks from all are thine, most reverend priest.

FRIAR.

From whence come ye? — and who commands the post?

SOLDIER.

Maeuntloch bred us — Ivor is our general.

FRIAR.

How far from Hawarden castle is't from hence?

SOLDIER.

Close on ten furlongs, please your holiness.

FRIAR.

Where is the station of King Edward's power?

SOLDIER.

At Chester now he lies — he'll soon advance,
And camp his forces upon *Morva-Rhudlan*. —
Prince David, too — he was a traitor bold —
Is now come o'er, and fights on Welshman's fide.
— I whisper somethin' in thy private ear.

(They talk with each other.)

FRIAR.

Nay, then — I must be brief — and haste away —
If I arrive not soon, he'll need no *shrift*.

Exeunt.

Cadwallon is in chains—in Edward's power—
He's wounded too—and by a stern decree—
Is doomed to—

(She starts each time with stronger emotion.)

BERNICE'.

Ah! doomed to what? what is he doomed to bear?

FRIAR.

The last sad refuge from all mortal coil.

BERNICE'.

He's doomed to death! but when that fate is o'er,
As thy pure spirit, on an angel's wing,
Rides buoyant through the air to meet its GOD,
—Oh! think—Cadwallon, on the lost Bernicé.

(Pause.)

Thy pardon, father—I am patient now.

FRIAR.

It much behoves thee to be patient still:
Child of affliction, hear my mission out:
Llewelyn sends me to the English king,
To offer ransom for the warrior's life.
If mercy fails—I plead the laws of war:
But should inveterate hate reject the suit,
I throw the gage of stern reprisal down:
We then prepare him for a better world.

BERNICE'.

Affist me, father, for I've need of aid:
Oh! give thy counsel to weak frailty's child;
The balm of comfort to her wounded heart.

FRIAR.

Anon, I meet thee in the cloistered aisle.

Exeunt.

SCENE VI.----A Forest.----Welsh Camp, on the heights of Kinmael, above St. Asaph.

Welsh Soldiers amusing themselves in various sports.

Enter Friar John.

SOLDIER, (*speaking to his comrades*).

He's Friar John, I know him by his crofs.

FRIAR.

Warriors good day — Heaven guard ye from all harm.

SOLDIER.

Our thanks from all are thine, most reverend priest.

FRIAR.

From whence come ye? — and who commands the post?

SOLDIER.

Maeuntloch bred us — Ivor is our general.

FRIAR.

How far from Hawarden castle is't from hence?

SOLDIER.

Close on ten furlongs, please your holiness.

FRIAR.

Where is the station of King Edward's power?

SOLDIER.

At Chester now he lies — he'll soon advance,
And camp his forces upon *Morva-Rhudlan*. —
Prince David, too — he was a traitor bold —
Is now come o'er, and fights on Welshman's side.
— I whisper something in thy private ear.

(They talk with each other.)

FRIAR.

Nay, then — I must be brief — and haste away —
If I arrive not soon, he'll need no *shrift*.

Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—An Apartment in the Palace of Aber.

Llewelyn sitting in a thoughtful mood.

LLEWELYN (*rising*).

Such the sad tissue of life's narrow web;
So strangely woven into chequered lines;
That when some colours gay and vivid rise,
They're soon o'ershadowed by strong ebon tints.
Such is my state: when I had raised my hopes,
That I should taste each joy with Elinor,
The cup drops from me, ere it reach my lips.

Enter Elinor.

I wished to see thee: take a last adieu,
Ere honour's voice shall call me far away;
And tyrant duty tears me from thy arms.

ELINOR.

Ah! my dear lord; my only source of joy
In this dark vale, in this embittered world:
So soon to part! our hearts so lately joined!
'Tis hard, 'tis very hard: just at the time
When our pure loves, by Hymen's rites more pure,
Were fondly rising into genial flame,
And yielding to my hopes whole years of bliss.

LLEWELYN.

Thou'rt wedded to Llewelyn's fate, my Elinor,
Which in deep lines indents him Sorrow's child.
But though thou suffer'st much, hast much to bear;
Yet, if thou bear'st it well, thy virtues will,
Like gold essayed, rise purer from the fire.

ELINOR.

I know it well; and though severe the stroke,
I will sustain it:—
For from my mother's precepts am I taught
Perfect submission to the will of Heaven.

LLEWELYN.

Thy virtuous soul, with keen affection's fraught,
Tempered by mild Religion's balmy rule,
Forms thee a faintly seraph here on earth.

ELINOR.

And yet I feel that I'm a woman still,
With all the tender frailties of her sex :
E'en now my sad presaging heart forebodes,
That when we part, I ne'er shall see thee more.

LLEWELYN.

There's horror in the thought—
In mercy to me—cease the dreadful sound ;
In this sad moment hold no farther parle :
Thou, and my Nesta, in *Dolbadern's* fort
Will rest secure, until my quick return.
And then, my love, if prosperous days shall come,
Those days will happier be; will shine more bright,
From the dark clouds which now obscure their lustre.

ELINOR.

It may be so: but my misgiving soul—

LLEWELYN.

Nay, then, fare—well; and Heaven's shield be o'er thee.

ELINOR.

May the same guardian Power protect my lord.

Exeunt.

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.----A Dungeon in Hawarden Castle, lighted only by a glimmering lamp.

Cadwallon in chains, laying wounded on a bed of straw.

CADWALLON, (rises).

How frail, unstable is the state of man !
How quick the transit is from morn to night !
From life's first sunbeam to its setting ray !
The other morn I rose at early dawn :
Youth, Fame, and Hope, my pliant courtiers were :
And Fancy's blushing roses formed the wreath.
But lo, how changed ! what is Cadwallon now ?
This vault his palace ! and these chains his robes !
This straw his throne ! yon lamp his brilliant star !

(*A slight pause.*)

But if I feel a wound most poignant here,
As Death unfolds his sable curtain round,
'Tis for Bernicé ; for that much-loved maid :
Oh ! I have loved her with intense regard ;
And long have locked the secret e'en from her :
I'd fondly hoped — delusive dream away —
I'd hoped, by valour, and by virtue's means,
First to deserve — then claim Bernicé's love :

(*Looking round the dungeon.*)

But Hope is fled — Hope finds no refuge here.

To drink of sorrow is the lot of man;
It flows upon him from a thousand rills;
But when collected, when the torrent rolls,
Though hard it presses on his weakened frame,
Yet to sustain it is the christian's part.

Enter Guard.

GUARD.

A priest, named Friar John, demands to see thee—
Sent by the Holy Church to give thee *shrift*.

CADWALLON.

I know the friar well—give him admittance.

Exit.

Enter Friar.

FRIAR.

May balm and oil be poured upon thy wounds:
And Heaven protect thee in the hour of need.

CADWALLON.

Father, I thank thee: wounds like mine demand
The balmy comforts in *thy* power to give.

FRIAR.

Instant I go, by Prince Llewelyn sent,
To plead for mercy at King Edward's bar:
But if that mercy is denied on earth,
I shower it on thee from yon Heavenly fount.

CADWALLON.

Accept my thanks, though thou wilt vainly plead.
One sin there is, that presses on my heart:
When late at *Conway*, friar, thou gaveſt me *shrift*,
I then unbosomed all my thoughts to thee,
Save only one; my love to fair Bernicé.

FRIAR.

That was a sin: but penitence atones.

CADWALLON.

Fearing her scorn, I did conceal my love;
And silent sorrow, like a barbed dart,
Festered the wound the poisoned arrow gave.

BERNICE'.

(Unfolding her garments, and taking off the cowl and beard that covered her face)

Ah! is it so? then take her to thy heart:

(Embraces him.)

And all the balm Bernicé can bestow.

CADWALLON.

Ah! how is this—is my Bernicé here?
Or is it only a delusive dream?

BERNICE'.

Thy calm attempered spirit I demand;
The steady manly texture of the soul.
I come, my chief, thy guardian genius here;
If no wild start shakes from its solid base
The plan devised, the only means that's left
To save Bernicé! and thy valued life.

CADWALLON.

To save Bernicé! wer't in my power to save!

(Looking on his chains.)

That would indeed a value stamp on me:
More precious far than all *Golconda's* mines.

BERNICE'.

Full well I know, the means I must devise,
Will in thy breast each soft emotion raise,
Each manly feeling in a manly soul;
And set thy generous spirit all on fire.

CADWALLON.

Thy words are wrapped in Doubt's mysterious veil :
I cannot aid thee—these vile shackles on.

BERNICE'.

'Tis not thy valour, or the warrior's arm,
I now require ; but that determined spirit,
That waves the finer feelings of the heart,
When Virtue points it to some noble end :
It is thy *fortitude* I've need of now.

CADWALLON.

Still more bewildered in thy dubious phrase.

BERNICE'.

To snatch the victim from the yawning gulph—
We must be brief—there's but a moment left.

(She throws off the priest's dress upon the stage.)

Give me thy dress—take thou this holy garb.
Such is the reverence for that sacred guise,
That no suspicion will arrest thy steps.
Then instant go—and—let me here remain.

CADWALLON.

Thou—here remain ! good Heavens ! and can't thou think
To breathe this vital air a little longer :
A little broader weave life's narrow web,
Or anxious stretch it to its utmost verge :
That I would buy it at so dear a price !
So high a ransom ! that of other's woe.

— But when 'tis thine, Bernice', thou dear maid :
Thou, who to save my life, disdain't thine own :
Shall I, like a vile worm, to crawl on earth,
Expose thee to King Edward's deadly hate ?
'Tis monstrous ! Oh ! there's horror in the thought.

BERNICE'.

Why ? Fate this instant sounds the solemn knell ;
That ere to-morrow's dawn, thy sun shall set.

CADWALLON.

I then shall find an honourable grave.

BERNICE'.

As I from Aber on this miffion came,
 The tale was told me in the Cambrian camp :
 'Twas farther said — Prince Griffith, with his power,
 In *Brin-y-Orkins* woods, and rifted clefts,
 Lays there concealed, prompt for some valorous deed :
 Go, instant join him ; and while ebon night
 In fullen silence wraps the darken'd world,
 Shake these rude turrets off their rocky base :
 Unchain the captive — claim Bernice's love.

CADWALLON.

Oh ! thou hast wound me up t' th' highest point
 Of mortal daring — and of mortal hope :
 Yet, though sublimed my soul, it still is firm.

BERNICE'.

Ah ! thou art obdurate — and so am I :

(*Falling on the stage.*)

Here will I cling — thus rivited to earth,
 Will hold no converse but with reptiles vile —
 The toad and viper, my associates here :
 And when Death calls, thine harbinger I'll be ;
 (Draws a poniard from her girdle.)

Another victim shall this poniard send,
 To wait thy coming in the *other world* :
 Unless arrested by some soldier's arm,
 I linger here, to *satiate his vile* — — —

CADWALLON.

Honour forgive me ! I am conquered now :
 But how to free me from these massy chains ?

BERNICE'.

Here is a key — 'twas given by th' holy friar,
 T' unrivet bolts, and loose the strongest bars.

[Cadwallon dresses himself in the friar's habiliments; puts on the beard, and covers his face with the veil. Bernicé, on the back ground, fixes on the chains, with Cadwallon's apparel, and covers herself with his cloak. They both come forward: look at each other: she with firmness: he in violent agitation. Cadwallon attempts to speak. Bernicé, with a determined look, and wave of her hand, motions him to be gone. He retires in disorder. She, with a fixed eye, and firm visage, gazing on him. After a pause, with a terrified look, she surveys the dungeon.]

BERNICE'.

How my soul sickens now I'm left alone !
My music here the angry elements !
A damp cold chill has palfied every nerve ;
As if the freezing hand of Death was here.

(Retires to the back of the stage.)

I'll now lay down, upon this bed of straw :
And trembling, anxious wait the rising morn
Through this dread night: Holy Virgin guard me.

Scene closes.

SCENE II.----Dungeon Scene continued in Hawarden Castle.

Distant sound of a place taken by storm.

Enter Cadwallon, his sword bloody.

CADWALLON.

I'm now revenged — Fulk Trigald sleeps in death.—
Where is my love ? — Where is my dear Bernicé ?
Ah ! she is gone — then hast thou vainly fought —

(Throws down his sword.)

But here's an opening from this dread abode :
Another cell, where misery fits enthroned.

(Cadwallon enters, and leads out Bernice': a wildness in her visage, and her hair in disorder.)

BERNICE'.

Am I set free ? — or is Cadwallon slain ?

CADWALLON.

Here is Cadwallon: and Bernicé's free.

BERNICE' (*kneels*).

Just Heaven, and holy saints ! I bow me down
In fervent praise, and adoration due :
For these such mighty blessings showered on me.

(*Rises.*)

When I last night was left in this dank vault,
And thou wert gone, the anchor of my hope ;
'Twas then this bark, its rudder lost in thee,
Misf its due course, assailed by every blast ;
'Till wildly tossed, it on the shelves was wrecked.
As trembling then I lay, bereft of sleep,
Each poignant sense acute to every sound ;
As then I lay, absorbed in dread suspense,
The storm of war, the horrid yell of death,
Abrupt and loud, striking my frightened ear ;
I rushed in terror to yon dark recess.

CADWALLON.

I now to thee my tale of joy unfold.
The guards deceived, scarcely a furlong hence
I met Prince David, and his warrior band,
In quick advance to raze this fortress down.
I instant joined him, and the onset led :
The fort was stormed, and my Bernicé freed.
— But let me lead thee from this house of woe.

The scene changes to the principal court in Hawarden Castle.

Prince David giving orders to his soldiers.

(*Cadwallon leading Bernice' out of the dungeon.*)

PRINCE DAVID.

If I could feel a joy, more keenly felt,
A sense more fine, than e'en what honour gives ;

'Twould be the thought, that this auspicious night
Has freed this maiden from such vile dishonour,
From chains ill-suited to a form like her's.

BERNICE'.

This sets her free ; unrivets every chain.

(*Giving the key to the prince, who takes off her chains*)

DAVID (*to Cadwallon*).

Haste with this treasure — with this matchless maid —
And safe escort her to Llewelyn's camp.

(*To Bernice'.*)

And may that freedom I now give to thee,
Recorded stand in yon high *archive* there ;
The solemn pledge of my determined soul
To follow Virtue through the paths of Fame,
Or die a patriot in my country's cause.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.----Welsh Army encamped on *Morva-Rhudlan*, besieging the Castle.

Enter Llewelyn, reading a letter, with Gronow.

LLEWELYN.

The king has summoned all his proud array,
Instant to meet him at the frontier posts.
Advancing closer to our confine now,
Inclosed he lies in Chester's ragged walls :
There, with dark purpose, sullen hate he broods ;
An evil genius o'er my destined fate.
— 'Tis strange — no tidings of my brother yet.

GRONOW.

See there he comes —
No, I'm mista'en — it is the brave Cadwallon.

LLEWELYN.

Cadwallon — say'st thou ? — then my joy's complete.

Enter Cadwallon and Bernice', each in a warrior's dress.

CADWALLON.

Yes, he is here — and thus his homage pays.

(Both kneel.)

LLEWELYN.

Rise, gallant warrior — brave Cadwallon rise :
Thy sword has paid the debt thy fealty owed.
No idle pageantry befits us now,
Chained as we are to meet one common fate. —
But who that stranger ? — who the martial chief ?

CADWALLON.

It is Bernice'. —

Why the maid's here — why veiled in this disguise —
Thy brother soon will tell the wond'rous tale :
Will tell thee too, thy crimson banners float
O'er Hawarden's lofty towers —

*Enter Prince David, Soldiers, and Roger de Clifford,
who appears in the back ground, wounded and in chains.*

(David comes forward, kneels, pulls off his bonnet, and lays the flag of the captured castle at the feet of Llewelyn.)

PRINCE DAVID.

Thus I atone for long deserted faith ;
And now invoke the attesting saints to pledge,
To sanction this my vow, my firm resolve ;
Ne'er to cease hatred to our stern invader,
As long as life's warm pulse shall vibrate here.

LLEWELYN (*raising David and embracing him*).
As linked in fate, so let us be in love.

DAVID.

Th' heroic spirit of that wonderous maid,
Th' intrepid courage of that gallant chief,
Loud Fame will blazon to th' astonished world.

Edward from Chester has withdrawn his powers:
He's now in quick advance to *Rhudlan* castle,
To raise the siege, or force thee into fight.

LLEWELYN.

Indeed he's prompt: his powers are far too strong
For us to cope with in the open field,
We shall retreat in slow and sullen march.

(*To Gronow.*)

Do thou relinquish all the scattered posts—
Collect their strength—retire to *Penmaen Mawr*;
There wait our coming. Ivor and myself
On *Kinmael's* heights will hover o'er the foe:
And with an eagle's eye, and eagle's force,
Dart down upon him, as each 'vantage offers.

GRONOW.

With quick dispatch I shall obey thy will.

Exit.

LLEWELYN (*to David.*).

Say, who that stranger is? whose manly port
Bespeaks his lineage of a noble race:
But on whose mien the palsyng hand of Death
Has thrown his tints, and fixed his livid seal.

DAVID.

Roger de Clifford, a most valorous knight,
And Warden late of Hawarden castle.

LLEWELYN.

Bid him t' advance: I wish more close to view
Affliction's image, in yon stranger there:
And from its moral learn to be humane.

(Roger de Clifford comes forward: they bow to each other: Llewelyn looks with pity on his visage, and on his chains with disgust.)

Take off those chains: they suit no warrior's limbs.

(*To Roger de Clifford.*)

Thou art no captive here, thy ransom's paid;
The Angel *Pity* brought it down from Heaven.

ROGER DE CLIFFORD.

I thank thee prince——

As the soul flutters o'er Life's dreary bourne,
 And earthly visions fade before the eye,
 If Reason then shall hold her steady seat,
 My last and fervent prayer to Heaven shall rise,
 To sheathe in balmy peace the hostile sword.
 And thou, Llewelyn, take this last farewell,
 The only tribute misery can bestow ;
 May every comfort crown thy future days,
 And every blessing wait thy latest reign :
 For surely **HE** may claim the sacred trust,
 Who holds the sword of vengeance in his grasp,
 Yet mellows justice with the balm of mercy.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.----A large Court in *Caer Estyn*, or Hope Castle, in Flintshire.

Enter Sir Edward Mortimer and Earl of Hereford.

MORTIMER.

The king ere this at Conway is arrived.

HEREFORD.

No doubt, brave knight, so long a time elapsed,
 But that his banners wave triumphant there.

Enter Soldier.

SOLDIER.

A courier, lords, knocks at the outward gate,
 And with an eager voice demands admittance.

MORTIMER.

Admit him, soldier, through the postern gate.

Exit Soldier.

Enter Courier.

By his hurried pace I augur sad mischance.

COURIER.

The king's defeated—his troops are on their flight—
Instant prepare to yield them shelter here.

Exit.

(Distant sound of an Army in retreat. Flourish of trumpets.)

MORTIMER.

That clarion's sound bespeaks the king's approach.

Enter King Edward, followed by the Earls of Gloucester and Chester.

EDWARD.

At last are we arrived in safety here;

(To Hereford.)

Brief I shall be t' explain this quick return.
Last night, our troops ascending *Kinmael's* heights,
Judging Llewelyn had to Snowden fled,
As mounting midway up the craggy steep,
A rough oppressive storm of rugged stone
Rolled headlong on us—
And when disordered by this rude assail,
Then, like a northern blast, abrupt and fierce,
Llewelyn darted his black column down.

GLoucester.

Sure, my dread liege, this act of savage war
Reflects no lustre on the midnight chief;
Who like a vulture, hovering in the air,
Darts down its talons on the sleeping lamb.

EDWARD.

Too keenly have I felt the sad reverse:
A warrior's valour claims a warrior's praise.
I saw that chief, with prompt and finewy arm,
Grasp the proud standard which *Argenton* bore:

I saw him cleave the valiant bearer down :
 Awhile I lost him, in our phalanx closed :
 Anon I saw him, like a high-chafed boar,
 Through each broad space his battle-axe had hewn,
 Foaming with rage, and dealing deaths around.

CHESTER.

Such high-wrought courage I had never seen,
 Ere since the trumpet's voice had thrilled my veins.

EDWARD.

He then had fallen, pierced by a thousand swords,
 Had not fierce Ivor, like a cataract wild,
 Rushed instant on us with impetuous force,
 O'erwhelmed our ensigns, broke our firm array ;
 Regained his prince, and turned war's bloody tide.

HEREFORD.

Pity it is, my liege, that treason's taint
 Should in Llewelyn stain the warrior's fame :
 His princely virtues, his high-crested mind,
 Extort applause, though Justice strikes the blow.

Exeunt Lords.

EDWARD, (*startled*).

Should Justice strike the blow, where would it fall ?
 On thee, stern Edward, rigid Conscience says.

(*Pause.*)

And yet—why should I feel it poignant here ?
 For what's the scope — th' intent of this emprise ?
 To wave our sceptre round this sea-girt isle,
 And bind in compact firm these hostile realms :
 Instead of fierce misrule, and manners wild,
 Diffuse around the *charities of life*.

—Why then on me should conscience fix her sling ?
 On me, whose name, in distant ages hence,
 Shall be recorded by th' historic muse,
 As the First Edward, England's patriot king.

Exit.

SCENE V.----Welsh Camp on *Penmaen-Mawr*. Its summit an extended plain, bounded on one side by mountains and stupendous rocks: on the other side by the Irish ocean.

Llewelyn, sitting under a large tent, in Council with his Chieftains.

LLEWELYN, (*rises*).

Chiefs, once again we meet; our sacred cause,
The cause of Freedom, and of Nature's Lord,
Though sanctioned lately by His high behest,
Still hangs uncertain on a trembling scale.

—Since last we met, the dark and distant cloud,
Advancing slowly to our Cambrian shores,
Deeper and fuller, and furbished with storms,
Now gathers round, and blackens o'er our heads;
Threatening destruction to our tranquil homes,
Our sacred temples, and our father's graves.

RHYS AP MAELQUIN.

Dark is the picture thou hast justly sketched
Of our loved Cambria, on Time's rapid wing,
Swiftly approaching to her destined goal.

LLEWELYN.

We are arrived at that extremest point,
At that stern crisis, when the soul of man,
Sublimed by peril, concentrates its powers:
Calls out its energies—directs their force:
And, as it were, entrenched within itself:
Calm and collected, Eyes the bursting storm.

HARLECH.

To thee belongs that firm heroic mind.

LLEWELYN.

So stood Leonidas: as erst he viewed
The Persian tyrant, and his myriad host;
So bled the patriot, when his country called;
So died the Spartan at its barrier post.

— Let us, like him, 'trenched on our native Rock,
 Act the brave part *Laconia's* hero did ;
 Deserve like him loud Fame's perennial praise :
 — Let us, like him, devote in solemn pledge
 Each nerve of strength, each faculty of soul,
 To rescue Cambria from th' Invader's grasp ;
 Or die with glory on our *Parent Earth*.

(*Llewelyn and all the chieftains kiss their swords, with a solemn impressive energy.*)

Enter Ivor, with fourteen Standards, taken from the English.

IVOR.

To thee, my prince, these trophies of a field
 Fiercely contested, by thy valour won,
 Are sent by Fortune, an auspicious pledge
 Of Cambria's safety, and thy rising fame.

LLEWELYN.

Ivor, to thee, my praise and thanks are due.
 'Twas to thy prowess we these standards owe ;
 The voice that plauds thee had in silence slept,
 Had not thy courage breathed it into life.
 Range these gay ensigns round the royal tent,
 And as they wave their drapery to the wind,
 Our hopes re-animate ; each Cambrian breast
 Glows with new fire ; each nerve is doubly steeled.

John Peckham, Archbishop of Canterbury, introduced by an Officer.

Llewelyn and all the Chiefs rise.

LLEWELYN.

Hail, Reverend Father ! with much joy we see
 Age such as thine, the messenger of peace,
 Visit our barren regions from afar,
 To sooth our sorrows, and to heal our wounds.

PECKHAM.

Cambrians I come — chiefly to thee Llewelyn,
 To ask the cause, why thus encamped ye meet ?

Why thus, in proud array, embattled force,
Ye hurl defiance on our sovereign liege?—
If ye alledge, to justify revolt,
That Slavery's heavy yoke has pressed ye down,
The common vizard that Rebellion wears,
Tell me your griefs — recount your various ills,
And I will lay them at King Edward's feet.
But if still obdurate, ye yet persist
In wild ideas of a freedom vain,
And idolize the phantom ye have raised,
Stern Justice then erects her bloody flag,
And waves her sword terrific o'er the land.

LLEWELYN.

Thou call'st upon us to recount our griefs,
T' unfold to thee in all its galling parts,
The iron yoke that has oppressed us long.

— Take them in brief —

Besides the public wrongs, the various ills,
Which bow man down in sorrow to the grave,
Others there are, deep and intensely felt.

PECKHAM.

Explain the purport of this high-toned charge.

LLEWELYN.

Father—before thee stands a sovereign prince,
Sprung from the stock of Britain's ancient kings;
Who there long held an independent sway:
And yet this prince, whene'er proud Edward calls,
Must crouch and kneel at his imperial feet.

— Did GOD so raise me from such royal race,
With faculties inborn t' observe His will,
To breathe as creature to fastidious man,
The taunt and victim of tyrannic power?

PECKHAM.

Each vassal to his lord such homage pays,
Fruit of allegiance for protection given.

LLEWELYN.

But has he given us his protecting shield ?
 In each debate 'tween England's king and us
 Is not the sword the arbiter of right ?
 Under its rude decision have not fallen
 Our lands, our lives, our customs, and our laws ?
 Yet strict alliance would I bind with him,
 Should Justice weigh us in an equal scale ;
 Our griefs redress; our laws and rights restore.

HARLECH.

Prelate I rise, deputed by these chiefs,
 To give their suffrage to the terms proposed.

LLEWELYN.

The only terms on which we sheathe the sword:
 So tell your king —

PECKHAM.

It is with sorrow I foresee your fate:
 The angry spirit of insulted law,
 Marking its victims—spreading carnage round.

Exit Peckham.

LLEWELYN.

Chiefs, ye have heard King Edward's stern decree,
 How frail the pivot on which hang our fates ;
 E'en he this pious prelate seals our doom,
 His the mild echo of a sterner voice.

HARLECH.

Too clear we see that king's rapacious aims,
 His columns deepening as they flow advance ;
 Hear the rough cadence of approaching war,
 Like surges beating on our craggy shores,
 As deep and full they strike the listening ear.
 But let our minds, firm as our native rocks,
 Dauntless resist the tempest as it swells.

Enter Officer.

OFFICER.

My tidings, prince, demand thy instant thought.
Mona is conquered by the English foe.

LLEWELYN.

Deep is the import of the tale thou tell'st.

Exit Officer.

But since mischance has torn it from our realm,
The *Menai* water must our frontier be.
Ivor and Gronow, yours the important task
To guard that post——

Enter Officer.

OFFICER.

The English army has our confine forced,
And strongly lies entrenched near *Conway's* flood.

Exit.

LLEWELYN.

Chiefs, we are close pent in—are sorely pressed:
The Imperial hunter narrows fast his toils.
Instantly found retreat—the camp remove
From *Penmaen Mawr*, to *Snowden's* craggy cliffs.
There chiefs we go, and on our *Mother Rock*
We there will make our last and desperate stand.

Enter Officer.

OFFICER.

This packet, prince, and sad its purport is,
Unfolds a tale, my tongue denies to tell.

*(Llewelyn takes the packet; opens it in visible emotion, and on a single glance
it drops from his hand.)*

LLEWELYN (*to Ivor*).

Take up that billet—unfold the fatal scroll ;
Were it as frightful, as Medusa's head :
Terrific as the baleful Basilisk.

(*Ivor takes the packet, opens it, and folds it up in great agitation.----
Llewelyn all this time surveys him with anxiety.*)

IVOR.

Thy El'nor's dead—says th' ill-omened Nesta.

LLEWELYN (*after a pause of silent agony*).

My Elinor dead ! Fate then, thy work is done :
Thy shaft has hit ; Llewelyn is laid low.

(*Taken off the stage by Ivor and Gronow.*)

Exeunt.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE I.---Welsh Camp, on *Penmaen Mawr*. A Moonlight Scene, heightened by peals of Thunder, and flashes of Lightning. (The roaring of the sea below distinctly heard.)

LLEWELYN (*walking on the summit*).

THIS wild misrule, this war of elements,
That to its centre shakes the solid earth,
Is music to a soul sublimed in woe.

(*Thunder and Lightning cease.*)

This solemn pause in Nature's loud uproar,
Is sweetly soothed to *Affliction's* child ;
And such am I—o'erwhelmed in sorrow's tide.

(*Pause.*)

My El'nor's dead—that lovely roseate flower,
Untimely withered by the blast of Death :

(*Pause.*)

My Elinor gone! then where's Llewelyn now?
A dreary inmate in a dreary world.

(*Pause.*)

The rose bud cropt—what is Llewelyn now?
The rifted stalk, left to the howling winds.

(*Musing.*)

But can I grieve for her! fond selfish man!
For her, who reigns a sister Seraph there:
When all that's dear: all that is sacred hangs,
Fame, life, and empire, by a single hair:
At such a time ; when on the verge we stand,
And a volcano ope's its yawning mouth,
T' ingulph us deep within its livid blaze.

(*Pause.*)

Great God, I thank thee! Elinor sleeps in peace.

(*Pause.*)

I do remember, in a low arched cave,
Upon this mountain's brow old Sybil lived;
Versed it is said in Merlin's prescient lore.
Her I'll consult; so deeply read in fate:
If in this conflict, Freedom's last appeal,
Our Cambria to her pristine state shall rise,
Or fall the victim of a ruthless war.—
And there she sits, within her murky cell.

SYBIL (*sitting under the arch of her cave.*).

I knew thou'dst come———
Thy *horoscope*, whate'er belongs to thee
In Fate's recorded page, was read last night.
Thy star consulted 'midst a thousand spells.
And for to aid me in my magic art
I called the spirits up, of *Llowarch Hen*,
Of *Mychdeirn Bierdh*—*Cian*—and *Talhaiarn*—
Those holy druids—high Heaven's first-born priests—
They—who are waiting in king Arthur's court—
And for a thousand years have been confined
In a dark cave—i' th' bowels of the earth—
Them did I call—and now thy fate is fixed—
That if with courage thou pursuest the war,
Thou shalt through London's streets triumphant ride—
Thy brows encircled with a diadem.—
Llewelyn—hark—th' attesting voice of Heaven.

(*Thunder and Lightning.*)

LLEWELYN.

Sybil, I thank thee; my resolve is taken;
T' adopt thy counsel, and pursue the war.

(*To himself.*)

Not that I'm fired by wild fanatic zeal:
It is the stern conjuncture of my fate,
Urges me to play the desperate game.

(*Thunder and Lightning continues.*)

Sybil forms a circle in the air with her wand.

Four Druids start out of the cave, attired in white vestments: they range on each side of the soothsayer, and sing, with appropriate music, the following stanzas; Llewelyn, at the same time, regarding them with amazement.

STRIKE, strike the harp, and touch the lyre,
And strike them with *Æolian* fire;
In varied cadence let them flow,
Responsive to Llewelyn's woe.

For El'nor's dead, the lovely flower,
The maid who blest his nuptial hour;
Touch soft the strings, in mournful strain,
Responsive to Llewelyn's pain.

Dark was the hour, and dark the night,
When El'nor's spirit took its flight;
And left Llewelyn's harrowed mind,
A prey to every howling wind.

Strike full the harp, and strike the lyre,
Impress each tone with martial fire;
Responsive to Llewelyn's name,
Recordant of his crested fame.

Stronger and deeper strike the lyre,
Infuse it with heroic fire;
With fire, to call Llewelyn far
From fond complaints to deeds of war.

Llewelyn rouse, and strike the blow,
Let ruin seize th' invading foe;
Then glory on thy banners wait,
Recording Fame thy deeds relate.

(*Sybil and Druids disappear.----Llewelyn walks penitively to his tent, amidst peals of thunder and lightning.*)

SCENE II.

Welsh Camp near *Dolbadern* Castle, situated on the Lake of *Llan Beris*, at the foot of Snowden.

Enter Prince David, who sees Harlech reclining on a rock.

DAVID.

Health, and good morn, to Snowden's ancient baron :
A bed would better suit his reverend age,
Than that rude pillow on the flinty rock.

HARLECH.

Though rude, it suits the temper of the times ;
And while the times shall wear this rugged front,
The flinty rock shall be my bed of ease.

(*Rises.*)

DAVID.

Where is my brother ? is he stirring yet ?

HARLECH.

No, late last night he did retire to rest,
His visage deeply tinged by anxious thought.
The public wrongs distract his noble mind :
But since his Elinor died, that treasure lost,
Since that dark hour, bereft of all he loved,
A weight of sorrow presses on his heart :
Affliction's barbed arrow rankles there.

Enter Llewelyn, with a disordered appearance.

LLEWELYN.

A mind perturbed, wild and fever'd dreams,
Have made me truant from your councils, chiefs.
'Tis now the time we take our last resolve :
'Tis mine to act a firm, decisive part.

(*Sits down under a large tent.*)

HARLECH.

The like decisive part is ours to act.

Peckham, Archbishop of Canterbury, introduced by an Officer.

LLEWELYN.

Hail, holy Father; what's thy mission now?

PECKHAM.

I come to offer terms; the only base
On which your safeties rest, and every hope of peace.

(*To the Council*)

Your lands and royalties devolve on Edward.

— On thee, Llewelyn, falls a sterner fate;
You bend a suppliant at the Royal throne:
You quit your station here, yield Snowden up,
Your high-flown titles vanished into air.

— And thou, Prince David, hear the king's command;
You take the *Cross*, to Syria instant go;
And in that holy warfare there remain,
Until by royal rescript thou'rt recalled.

(*To the Council.*)

But should vain thoughts, or contumacious pride,
Lead ye to thwart your sovereign's mild demands,
Th' exterminating sword shall wage its war,
And as a spell to wither Cambria's strength,
The Holy Church shall fulminate her curse.

LLEWELYN.

Imperious are your terms, most reverend priest.
The only base, on which we ground our peace,
Is the late treaty with King Henry made:
My realm secured; my sovereignty restored.—
No mean compliance shall degrade me now.

HARLECH.

Take to your king our firm and last resolves.
Our prince we trust not in King Edward's power;
No lands dismembered from our ancient realm;

Nor *Snowden* yielded up; nor *Mona's* isle;
 Nor princely titles vanish into air:
 These did our brave forefather's long enjoy;
 These we retain, or 'midst their ruins fall.

DAVID.

You tell your king, that when I feel disposed,
 In pious zeal, to visit Syria's shores,
 And yield my feeble aid to raise the *Cross*
 Triumphant o'er the *Crescent's* fiery orb;
 That then I go, if so inspired by Heaven;
 But then I freely go, and shall deserve
 A warrior's glory, and the Christian's crown:
 But not be exiled; like a wretch bereft
 Of fame, and fortune — torn from every hope.
 No——

Here will I stand, a pensive mourner here:
 With soul collected, and with eye serene,
 Wait the last sigh expiring Freedom breathes:
 Then in her hallowed grave I lay me down
 With thee, Llewelyn, and my brave compeers.

PECKHAM.

Then ruin fiece ye, self-devoted men.
 An *interdiction* binds your realm in frost;
 Recluse your holy fanes as silent death;
 No *unction* sacred sooths departing souls;
 No solemn dirge shall grace funereal piles:
 No requiems sung propitious to the dead.

Exit.

Llewelyn and Chiefs all rise.

LLEWELYN.

From these stern judgments we now make appeal
 To God alone, the arbiter of right.

(They fit silent, with a solemn, but determined tone of countenance.)

Enter Ivor and Gronow.

IVOR.

Again thy fortune triumphs o'er the foe.
A thousand slain, with many lords of note,
Are the proud trophies of the conquered field.

LLEWELYN.

Recount the means by which the field was won.

GRONOW.

By thy command we did entrench our force ;
We saw a bridge half-way the *Menai* thrown ;
We saw a column strong, of length'ned file,
Descend the bridge, and penetrate our strand :
We then lay close within our craggy clefts,
Until the flux had swollen the *Menai* full :
Then did we rush, impetuous on the foe ;
Precipitous and loud, like wint'ry storms
Dashing from rock to rock the foaming surge.

LLEWELYN.

I thank ye, chiefs ; th' exploit ye have achieved
Throws a bright lustre on our setting star.

CADWALLON.

Our star, enveloped late in sable clouds,
Resumes its splendour, like the orient sun ;
If thou, Llewelyn, with decision prompt,
While death and terror strike the English camp,
Wilt hurl thy vengeance on the hostile king.

LLEWELYN.

Thy generous spirit, chieftain, I applaud.
The day may come, when thou and I, my friend,
Yoked with each other in Mars' rapid car,
May boldly rush impetuous on his crest.

But a just prince, the delegate of Heaven,
 To watch the interests of its creature man,
 When trusting millions wait his high command,
 Will guard their safety with an anxious thought.

CADWALLON.

It was my zeal, and not my judgment, spoke.

LLEWELYN.

My powers, unequal to the English force,
 Call for a blow, procrastinated war ;
 'Till haggard Winter, and his grizzly storms,
 With meagre Famine, and her squalid train,
 Scare the Invader from his foul designs.

HARLECH.

To thee, Llewelyn, we commit to thee
 All that comprise the sacred rights of man :
 Our Wives, our Country, and Forefathers Laws.

LLEWELYN.

We make an inroad now on *Dyvet's* plains ;
 And when one fiery blaze has wrapped the land,
 We join the war with fresh recruited strength.

— To thee, Prince David, I confign this trust :
 Our *Mother Rock*, old Freedom's sacred *Keep*.

(Retires to another part of the stage.)

Genius of Britain ! I invoke thy aid,
 If still thou feel'st an interest in our fate ;
 Still watchest o'er us from the world of spirits :
 Now be our Champion ; Guardian Angel be ;
 Protect our sacred cause ; thine *Ægis* bring :
 And when, as erst, thou wav'st the magic shield,
 Destruction flash on Cambria's deadly foe.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.----Hall in *Dolbadern Castle*, in *Snowden*.

Enter Ivor and Nesta, on opposite sides of the Stage.

NESTA.

Is't true, my Ivor, what I've just now heard ;
That quitting this, our citadel of strength,
Thou seek'st new dangers on *Demetia's* plains ?

IVOR.

True is the tale that thou hast heard, my love.
Instant we go, and throughout *Dyvet's* vale
Give fire and sword to her degenerate sons :
When that is o'er, then instant we return.

NESTA.

When that is o'er—then wilt thou ne'er return.
But in this agony, this last adieu,
Why dost thou wear such coldnes in thy looks ?
When Woman grieves, the Hero sorrows too.

IVOR.

It is in peace—the balmy time of peace,
The milder virtues blossom into fruit :
When worth and beauty touch the manly heart,
And Love's pure incense feeds the genial flame :
'Tis then, that heart, with soft affections fraught,
Soars then, impassioned, at a woman's shrine :
'Tis then the hero, soften'd into man,
Melts at her sorrows, and returns her tears.

NESTA.

Be thou the hero, that thy fancy paints.

IVOR.

But when rude war, when sterner duty calls,
When honour's active spring impels to arms,

And his loved country claims his fianced aid ;
 The hero then, with firmer vigour braced,
 Checks every feeling that unmans his soul.

NESTA.

I know thy worth, thy manly tone of heart ;
 Where all the softer virtues sit enthroned ;
 Where mercy glows, mild as the southern breeze,
 When meek-eyed Pity calls that mercy forth.

(War-horn heard at a distance.)

— Ah ! what is that — which sounds the knell of woe ?

IVOR.

It is the horn, which calls me far away.

NESTA.

It is the direful yell, the dreadful shriek
 Of wicked spirits in the fiery gulph :

(Horn blows thrice, each time more distinctly heard.)

Again—again—it blows its horrid breath,
 The cadence mingling with the howling winds :
 Again it sounds—open thy yawning mouth
 Thou kindred Earth—and save me from myself.

Exit.

IVOR, *(after a short pause).*

Whate'er my fate, decreed by Thee, just God,
 I bow submissive to Thy sovereign Will :
 But for yon Virgin, take her to Thy care ;
 On her sad soul diffuse Thy balmy dews,
 And shield her Reason, trembling on its verge.

Enter Bernice' in disorder.

— Ah ! who is this ? — another child of woe !

BERNICE'.

Where is Cadwallon, noble Ivor say ?
 'Tis strange that chief, at such a time as this,

When keen sensations thrill on every nerve,
And all our fates hang trembling on the scale ;
At such a time, not yield one transient smile,
To sooth Bernicé's sick and sad'ned heart ;
Nor breathe from ardent love one pitying sigh,
To calm her bosom, cheer this last adieu.

IVOR.

His own sensations, his high love for thee,
Ardent and keen, impassioned as thine own,
Shrinking with horror from the dread Farewell,
Estranged him from thee at this painful hour.

BERNICE'.

It may be so; but still, methinks 'tis hard :
No interchange of sighs, no kindly looks,
Soothed his departure in Bernicé's breast.

— But since 'tis so, she makes this firm resolve;
If in this conflict—oh! the weight that's here—
His spirit flitting to its native skies,
He stretch a mangled corse along the field ;
Then shall Bernicé, in some lonely *Fane*,
Take at the shrine of GOD her Virgin vows :
Then at each vigil, in the cloistered aisles,
As high-toned anthems fill the vaulted choir,
Chaunt loud her requiems to Cadwallon's soul.

Exit.

IVOR.

'Tis well these scenes are o'er : and now my soul
Assume that firmness, which belongs to man.

Exit.

SCENE IV.----Hall in Conway Castle.

Enter King Edward, with Earls of Hereford, Chester, and Sir Edward Mortimer.

EDWARD.

This tale which we have heard is dark, my lords :
Of import deep, to thwart the great design,
That we had formed, our empire to extend.
Take ye in brief, how now our fortunes stand ;
Our arms are checked, the winter in advance,
Snowden munitioned, and th' exulting foe,
High raised in spirit by his late success,
Exults yet more in Merlin's vaporish dreams.

HEREFORD.

He has no reason to exult, my liege ;
His friends defeated by thy brother Glo'ster ;
His liegemen traitors, by our wiles seduced.

EDWARD.

There is the point on which our arms depend :
That high-wrought policy of strenuous minds,
Divide, and then command.—

MORTIMER.

Two lords from *Beullt* await thy pleasure, liege.

EDWARD.

We had forgot the purport of their mission.
Conduct them to our closet ; where, concealed
From public view, they may expect our coming.
—And now, my lords, to *Rhudlan* we retreat,
With quick dispatch, but yet in sober march.
The winter checks all active progress here.

As spring comes on, we then shall soon return ;
And when we've stormed yon high stupendous Cliff,
Shall girt Llewelyn in such narrow bounds,
As scarce to leave him space to find a grave.

Exeunt.

SCENE V.----Welsh Army, encamped on a Mountain near Cardigan.

Enter the Prince of Wales, Ivor, Gronow, and Cadwallon.

LLEWELYN.

So far has prospered this bold enterprise.
The fire and sword have sacked the rich domain,
That owned Meredith, its degenerate lord.
— But say, my friends, and ease my deep-pained heart,
In the rude conflict of this perilous morn,
Who saw the good, the hoary Harlech fall ?

CADWALLON.

Amidst the embattled throng, the shock of war,
I saw him lift his feeble lance t' oppose
A ponderous battle-axe, high-raised i' th' air :
I saw him pierce its bearer through the eye;
I heard the stroke, that felled the warrior down.

LLEWELYN.

Then has he nobly closed his patriot days,
And soon in hallowed ground he sleeps in peace.

IVOR.

Whene'er my defined days shall find their close,
May I, like him, then find a warrior's grave.

LLEWELYN.

Edward, 'tis said, to *Rhudlan* is retired ;
Famine and terror lent him wings to flee ;
But with recruited strength, and spring's advance,
The rude Aggressor turns his baleful front :
Old Snowden, then, will rear its rugged crest ;
Its hardy sons, embattled, then will stand
An iron rampart round its rocky base.

Enter *Glinclivon*.

GLINCLIVON.

My sovereign Prince, thus low I bend to thee,
Whose faculties so finely blended are,
So well compounded in fair Nature's mould,
They form the image of a perfect man.

LLEWELYN.

Thy words now raise me beyond Nature's reach.
But say, *Glinclivon*, where's the imperious king ?
Is he advancing, to his purpose firm,
Or has disaster checked his proud designs ?

GLINCLIVON.

No proud designs inflate his kingly mind :
Disaster's hand has checked its soaring flights :
But though of import great my mission is,
'Tis only fitting for thy private ear.

LLEWELYN.

Retire ye, chiefs, ye soon shall know the event.

GLINCLIVON.

Appalled by thine, and winter's rude affail,
Tyrannic Edward from the conflict shrinks,
And hides his shame in *Cæsar's* antique tower.

LLEWELYN.

That's more, my friend, than I had dared to hope.

GLINCLIVON.

Watching thine interests, with an eagle's eye,
As late thine envoy at king Edward's court,
A sullen gloom I saw hang on the brows
Of the *Beullt* lords, thy traitorous vassals there.
Seizing the 'vantage of an angry parle,
The king had held with those perfidious men;
I dived into the cause; and found them ripe
For quick revolt; if thy protecting arm
Could shield them from that monarch's vengeful hate.

LLEWELYN.

Llewelyn plauds a zeal, which promptly urged,
Might turn the scale on which his fortunes hang.

GLINCLIVON.

Why that's my point—that is my soul's intent.

LLEWELYN.

Where are the lords?—what is their proffered aid?

GLINCLIVON.

With visage deeply tinged by conscious shame,
They send this packet to unfold their purpose.

(*Gives Llewelyn the packet, who reads.*)

“ Sorely oppressed by wrongs—the various ills
“ Imposed by the lordly Mortimer,
“ 'Tis our intent to aid thy great design:
“ But through the peril that awaits revolt,
“ Prudence and caution must direct our steps.
“ Glinclivon trust—the means that he'll devise:
“ Well weighed by us, in deep and loyal thought,
“ Are th' only means to realise our hopes.”

LLEWELYN.

Where shall we go? say, where our conference hold?

GLINCLIVON.

East of *Pont Orewen*, a sequestered grove,
 Where cypress mingle with the mountain ash,
 Offers its shelter to our deep intents.
 There let us meet; but lest Suspicion's eye
 Should know thee prince, and pierce through our designs;
 Unarmed, alone, await our coming there.
 Be thou but firm; then leave the rest to us.

LLEWELYN.

To thee, Glinclivon I confide a trust,
 On which depends mine own, and Cambria's fate:
 For since our boyish days, in thee I've found
 A friend most true: in whose capacious mind
 Honour, and truth, and wisdom are inshrined.
 I go t' impart this conference to the chiefs.

Exit.

GLINCLIVON.

I too shall go—to meet thee in the grove:
 Thou mean, deluded, self-devoted man.
 'Twas in our youthful days the dart was flung,
 The barbed arrow that transfix'd my heart:
 'Twas then that he, unconscious of the guilt,
 Tore a dear virgin from her fianced troth,
 Tore her from me who loved her to excess.
 E'er since mine eye beholds him with disgust;
 And like the Basilisk would strike him dead.
 And now I go, an *Evil Genius* there,
 To meet Llewelyn in the destined grove.
 Thou, stern Revenge, thou, deadly Hate attend;
 And Discord too, join thou the solemn Dirge;
 Light up thy livid torch; and wave it round,
 To grace with horrors his Sepulchral pile.

Exeunt.

SCENE VI.----A Camp Scene.

Enter Llewelyn, Ivor, Gronow and Cadwallon, out of the Royal Tent.

LLEWELYN.

And now, my friends, with clear and candid truth,
Glinclivon's secret mission is disclosed.

CADWALLON.

I like it not — 'Treason is lurking there :
Why not have sent, deputed from the lords,
Some hostage chief, the pledge of mutual faith ?

LLEWELYN.

My gallant friend, on fire with generous warmth,
Surveys the offer with a jaundiced eye.
At such a time, our fortune's all at stake,
When bold decision must insure the prize,
Should I, from mean distrust, unmanly fear,
Shrink from the call ? reject the proffered aid ?
At such a time, when Fate is hovering round ?
I should be judged, in distant ages hence,
A soul unworthy of this grand emprise.

CADWALLON.

Thy mind matured makes thee the abler judge.

(*Afide.*)

But still my heart forebodes some dire mischance.

LLEWELYN.

Strike down our tents—with hasty march we reach
Beullts rocky frontier ere to-morrow's dawn :
There, on the craggy heights, we fix our camp.

LLEWELYN (*to Gronow*).

To thy firm spirit I consign the war ;
To thy cool courage our embattled host.

—To thee my Ivor, and that gallant youth,
(*Pointing to Cadwallon.*)

The bridge *Pont Orewen*, I commit to you:

To you intrepid chiefs a post I yield,
On which your glory, all our fates depend.

And now, my friends, compatriots brave, Farewell.
In the sharp conflict of the morning's dawn,
Should the fell Mortimer in savage hate
Obstruct our march, excite the rising war;
Think then, as erst the Roman soldier thought,
When the shrill clarion fired his blood to arms,
Whate'er he loved, all that his soul held dear,
Imperial Rome depended on his sword.

Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

A Winter Scene. Welsh Camp on an adjacent mountain. *Pont Orewen* full in view.
The *Wye* foaming and dashing its surges with great impetuosity.

Enter the Prince of Wales.

LLEWELYN.

This is the grove Glinclivon pointed out.
'Tis strange my friend is not in waiting here.
How dread, sequestered is the gloomy scene?
No mortal sounds invade th' attentive ear ;
No mortal image cheers the anxious eye ;
All, all is dreary as the silent grave.

Enter Glinclivon.

Bound as thou art by honour's sacred pledge,
Is this the time, my friend, for cold neglect ?
Where are the lords of *Beullt* ? and is it thus
Returning fealty marks its patriot zeal ?

GLINCLIVON.

Perhaps, impervious to the public eye
They wait thy coming in yon deep recefs.

LLEWELYN.

Instant thou go; through all its mazes search,
If human voice be heard, or footsteps traced.

Exit Glinclivon.

Here let me pause, and commune with myself.
Should the *Beullt* lords now bring their proffered aid,
Instant I join prince David at his post.
But if a traitor now, matured in wiles,
Glinclivon should be false, then am I snared :
Then is Llewelyn lost; and Edward, thou,
By fraud, not force, wilt then obtain thy point.
But while yon phalanx shews that manly front,

(Pointing to the camp.)

While valour warms each generous warrior there,

(Pointing to the bridge.)

Why should Llewelyn fear? why feel distrust?

Enter Glinclivon.

GLINCLIVON.

No trace of man, or footsteps have I seen,
And not a voice re-echoes to my call.

LLEWELYN.

What noise is that, which rudely strikes the ear?
Go, quick; survey its cause, and give me note.

Exit Glinclivon.

The distant din sounds like the foaming *Wye*,
Dashing its surges o'er its rocky bed.
Hark! more distinct—the tempest louder blows :
It is the horrid blast of ruthless war.

Enter Glinclivon, in a rapid voice.

Pont Orewen is attacked; the subtle foe,
Finding the 'vantage of a secret ford,
On all sides press it with impetuous force.

LLEWELYN.

But do the warrior band maintain the post?

GLINCLIVON.

Though fierce and frequent the assaults are made,
The Cambrian ensigns yet are waving there.

LLEWELYN.

Then I'm at ease: nor will I stir from hence,
Though England's powers form one embattled front.

GLINCLIVON.

Ah! what is there? a troop of hostile horse
Advances quickly o'er yon wide champaign,
In speed as rapid as the lightning's bolt.

LLEWELYN.

Nay then the *die* is cast; the bridge is stormed.

GLINCLIVON.

How can I aid thee? and in this juncture
Shew my loyal zeal.

LLEWELYN.

Seek thou thy safety: For myself I'll go,
Exit Glinclivon.

And join my warriors on yon mountain's brow.

(*Kneeling on one knee.*)

If I am deemed an agent fit to rule,
As the vicegerent of Thy power on Earth,
Then, *God of Battles*, grant Thy suppliant aid:
Arm him, as Thou once didst *Gideon* arm;
Breathe in his soul Thine energy divine:
And then, yon host, as erst the *Midian* fled,
Shall flee, and own Thine Arm Omnipotent.

(As the Prince of Wales is slowly quitting the stage, he is pursued by Glinclivon, Sir Edward Mortimer, and Adam de Francton; their spears pointed.)

GLINCLIVON.

Llewelyn stop—thy friend, Glinclivon calls:

(*Llewelyn turns round and starts.*)

(*Glinclivon advancing.*)

Now see him—what he is—thy deadly foe;
If still deceived—by th' vizard he has worn,
This spear shall speak the language of his hate.

(*Stabs Llewelyn, who falls.*)

Soon as yon battle's won—anon we come—
And rob Llewelyn of his princely head.

(*Llewelyn lays insensible.*)

Exeunt Glinclivon, Sir Edward Mortimer, and Adam de Francton.

Enter Friar John.

FRIAR.

Ah! what is this—some hapless bloody corse;
Another victim of a ruthless war.
Now let me see—*Holy Virgin* guard me—
It is Llewelyn—'tis my much-loved Lord.

(The Friar raises the Prince, and supports his body on the fragment of a rock. He infuses a medicine into his mouth. The Prince revives, and opens his eyes.)

LLEWELYN.

Friar, I am thankful—much I need thee now.

(*To himself.*)

The blow to fall from such a hand as thine!
From thee Glinclivon! Thee—my bosom's friend!
Thou, who has held the casket of my heart,
And thine each secret which was treasured there!
Oh! 'tis a stain that blots fair Nature's form;
To me—more fatal than the javelin's point.

(*Raising his head, and pointing to the mountain.*)

Stand firm my troops, awaiting my return.

FRIAR.

Thy troops are routed, and brave Gronow dead.

(*The body of Llewelyn appears to be agitated with a momentary convulsive motion.*)

LLEWELYN.

Give me the *Unction*—do thy office quick.

(*The last Rite of the Catholic Church is performed.*)

Enter Glinclivon, Sir Edward Mortimer, and Adam de Francton.

(Ivor and Cadwallon are brought in wounded, in chains, and almost without life. The eyes of the two chiefs meet those of the dying Llewelyn: they hang down their heads in silent agony. Llewelyn, on the first glance of their situation, is violently agitated, and appears in the agony of death.)

LLEWELYN.

It is enough—my earthly course is run—

Aid me—Great God—Take—Thou—my parting—soul.

(*The Prince of Wales dies, and falls from the rock.*)

GLINCLIVON (*strides across the body*).

Now, with colossal stride, I stretch my reign
O'er Great Llewelyn—*Cambria's fallen Star.*

Enter Nesta, with wildness in her visage, and her hair dishevelled.

NESTA.

Where is my Ivor?—how my brain's on fire—

(*Darts on Glinclivon, and draws a poniard from her bosom.*)

What fiend art thou, that's done the murderous deed?

(*Stabs him twice.*)

Take that—and that—then seek thy soul in hell!

(*Glinclivon is carried off.*)

— What bloody corse is this?—my brother too—

Nay then I go—I mount yon fiery star—

See—see—his spirit, borne on saphire wings,

Darts rapid through yon vast etherial blaze,

Leaving the forked lightning far behind.

Quick—quick I follow—and ere it pass the bourne

Its flight arrest—recall it back to earth—

Or with it join our *kindred spirits* there.

(As Nesta passes Ivor, she darts on him a look of inexpressible horror; but yet a look equally expressive of love as of distraction. Ivor, unable to sustain the sight, sinks lifeless into the arms of his guards, and is carried off the stage. --- The other attendants support the dying Cadwallon, who sits on the ground.)

Enter Bernice', with a countenance impressed with sorrow, but with calm resignation.

BERNICE', (*bending on one knee before Cadwallon*).

I'm not too late: Heaven's mercy now be praised.

CADWALLON.

Ah! art thou here: yon horrid scene just o'er,
I'd thought the bitterness of death was past.

BERNICE'.

I do not come to lure thee to this earth,
Thy soul now mounting to a better world;
I come to give it wing, teach it to soar,
Pure, and abstracted, to the land of spirits.

CADWALLON.

The only tie, which chains me to this earth,
Is leaving thee, forlorn, in this bad world.

BERNICE'.

I soon shall join thee in those happy realms,
Where purer bliss, than what frail man can know,
Shall beam perennial on our fianceed souls. ---
But ah! he faints—he dies: terrific Death
Is seizing fast the citadel of life.

(After some moments of silent agony.)

—Thou *Holy Virgin*, and ye sacred Saints!
Ye ministering Seraphs, and celestial Choir,

Inspire my maiden heart with holy love !
With all that heavenly balm which Angels feel.

(*Pointing to the body of Cadwallon, which is carried off the stage.*)

And as it springs through yon etherial waste,
Receive his spirit : mount it up to Heaven.

(*Turning to Friar John, who in silent sorrow is bending over the body of the dead prince.*)

"Tis now for thee to take thy *convert* home,
And yield her shelter from a world like this ;
With ghostly medicine heal her wounded soul :
Teach it t' aspire, cleared from all earthly sense,
More pure, etherial, to its Parent **God**.

— Conduct me hence to *Conway's* sacred cells ;
Where, wrapped around in Contemplation's veil ;
I then may rest from each revolting thought,
From each gay dream illusive Fancy paints,
To lure me back to a deceptive world,
And check my spirit in its Heavenly course.

Exeunt.



